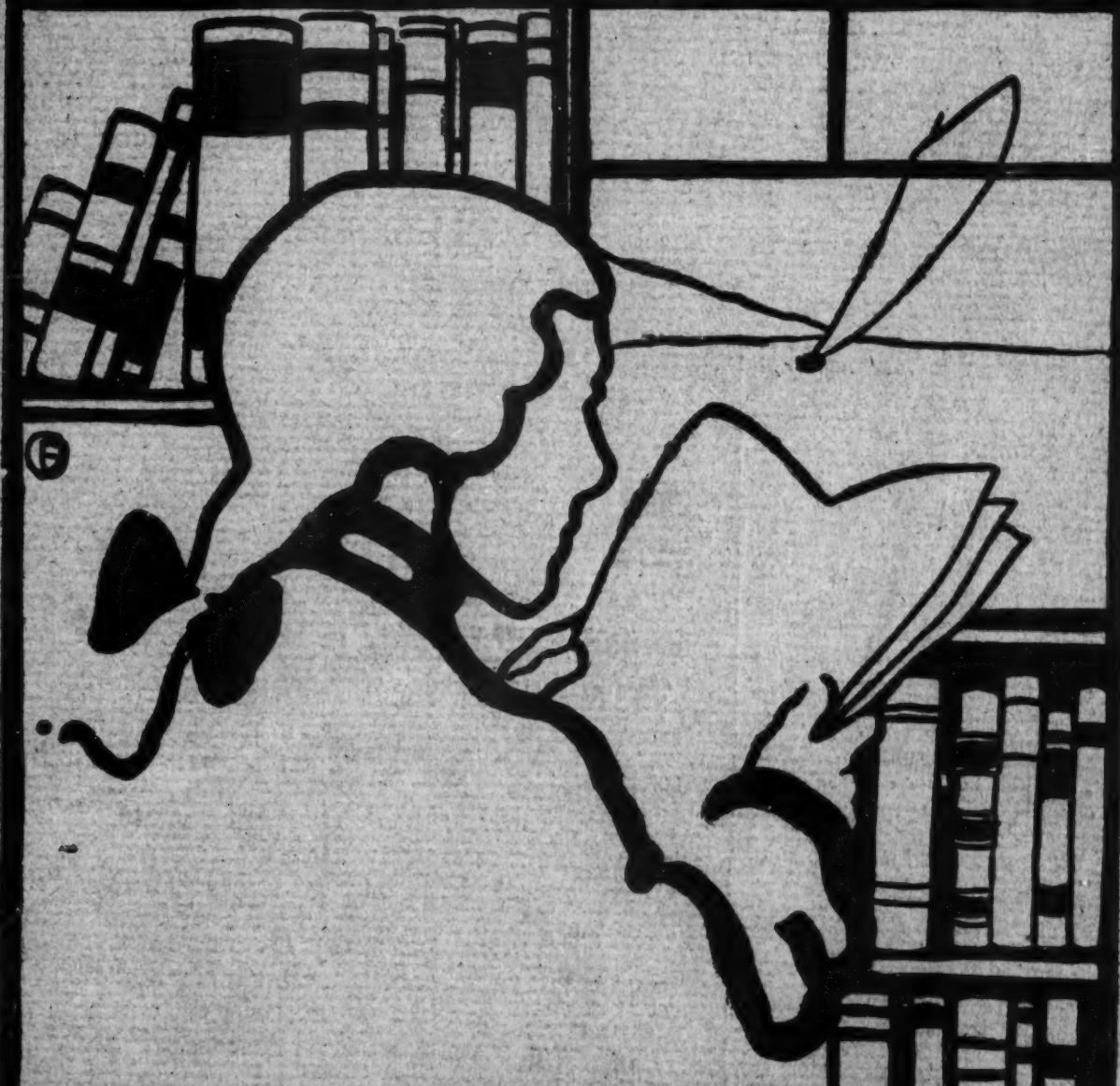


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A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

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5 October, 1901.

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The Literary Week.

WE publish this week a Supplement containing a classified list of books announced for publication during the autumn season.

MR. LOCKWOOD KIPLING's illustrations to *Kim*, which is reviewed in another column, while admirably illustrating the story, present a novel appearance in book illustration, being reproduced from bas-reliefs. *Kim* was published simultaneously in England, the Colonies, the United States, Canada, Germany, France, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, and it is said that this story cost Mr. Kipling more work than any of his former books, some of the sections having been re-written a dozen times. Mr. Kipling continues his custom of printing snatches of original verse at the beginning of the chapters. They vary in interest and quality. One runs thus :

Here come I to my own again—
Fed, forgiven, and known again—
Claimed by bone of my bone again,
And sib to flesh of my flesh!
The fatted calf is dressed for me,
But the husks have greater zest for me,
I think my pigs will be best for me,
So I'm off to the styes afresh.

IT is well known that many men holding appointments in Government offices devote a portion of their leisure to the writing, and also to the reviewing, of books. Nevertheless it was something of a surprise to a certain highly-placed and exclusive official to discover the other day that two of the reviews of an important book lately published by him were from the pens of the two juniors in his department.

THERE is an admirable suggestion for unsuccessful novelists in the practice which has just been adopted by the Rev. William Fergus, of Blythswood Church, Glasgow. Mr. Fergus is about to publish a novel called "Satan's Holiday," upon which he has long been engaged. By way, presumably, of advertising it, he has begun to read portions of the manuscript to his congregation. Mr. Fergus says he does not wish to offend Scottish prejudice by any disturbance of use and wont, and hence, before beginning to read from his novel, he announces that anyone desiring to leave may do so.

THE forthcoming edition of the Collected Poems of Madame Duclaux will contain in a preface the following pretty and modest explanation of her identity and performance :

Persuaded that no English readers will remember two foreign names, in addition to an English one, in connection with the person of one minor poet, I have reverted to that which I bore when first I wrote them. Mary James Darmesteter has no longer a right to exist. As regards the English public, Madame Duclaux has given no proof of her existence; she has before her a future of French prose, and leaves her English verses to Mary

Robinson. . . . Entirely lyrical, intellectual, or romantic, these poems must sound as the merest tooling of Corydon's reed-pipe in ears accustomed to a heroic blare of trumpets or expecting the mystical melody of Tara's harp.

THE current issue of the *Candid Friend* contains the following "Special Notice" :

The proprietors greatly regret to have to inform their readers that the founder and editor of this paper, Mr. Frank Harris, whose personality and ability are too well known to need commendation from them, has been compelled by ill-health temporarily to resign the editorship. They can but trust that Mr. Harris's health may soon be restored sufficiently to permit him to resume the duties of the position; and, in the meantime, notwithstanding his absence abroad, they hope to be helped by his counsel and ripe experience.

CHAPTER IV., Book I., of Mr. H. H. Joachim's *A Study of the Ethics of Spinoza* is entitled "God and His Modes." This was misread by a certain scribe as "God and His Moods," and drew from him the comment: "Dear me! What an excellent title for an article in the *Spectator*."

MR. HALL CAINE in a speech the other day in the Isle of Man, referring to *The Eternal City*, said "the Protestants complain that it is not Protestant; the Catholics that it is not Catholic." Our complaint is that it is not interesting.

WE are glad to hear that Mr. Bernard Shaw is to re-issue *Cashed Byron's Profession* in a revised form with a new preface. Stevenson found this witty satire on the conventional view of life much to his taste. Mr. Shaw is also about to publish a new version of the story in Elizabethan blank verse, entitled *The Admirable Bashville; or, Constancy Unrewarded*, and *A Note on Modern Prize-fighting*.

THE agricultural labourer will figure prominently in a volume, about to be issued, written by Mr. George Bourne, the author of a novel called *A Year's Exile*. The book is entitled *The Bettesworth Book*, and it consists simply of an exact record of actual "talks with a Surrey peasant," the peasant being an old man employed by the author for many years past as a gardener. Mr. Bourne achieved a considerable degree of intimacy with this peasant, who reveals his mind on nature, the weather, employers, animals, social customs, &c., &c., with much more freedom than labourers are wont to exhibit, except among themselves at the village inn. The book is put forward as a sociological document.

MR. JACOB A. RIIS, author of that powerful and suggestive book, *How the Other Half Lives*, is about to publish, through Messrs. Macmillan, *The Making of an American*. Mr. Riis is a Dane. Once a starving day-labourer, he is now one of the right kind of philanthropists in New York.

5 October, 1901.

THEY are discussing in America the desirability of reviving literary patronage. "Were it not better to seek to please a wealthy gentleman of taste and culture than a vast rabble who demanded so many million pages of writing per annum, to supply a mental opiate in the intervals of toiling, eating, and sleeping?" The answer to this is that the manufacture of mental opiates for the million is not the whole of the literary activity of to-day, and that if the advocate of patronage will open his eyes he will see that there is a public (far exceeding in enterprise and wealth any conceivable body of patrons) who do make honest and aspiring literature possible. The ease with which an artist can get good work published and recognised nowadays is ahead of anything that was possible in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and his opportunities are slowly but surely widening. This is the way of freedom and naturalness. It is odd, too, that the writers who clamour for patronage as the remedy for the reign of money in the book-market suggest that this patronage should be the hobby of millionaires. "What we want is the millionaire turned publisher," says a Chicago novelist and essayist. The artist is to write, and the millionaire is to stand the racket in exchange, we suppose, for dedications. We see no salvation here. Moreover, the evidence that there is a flood of genius dammed up, waiting only the turning of a golden key, is scarce and unconvincing.

REMINISCENCE and old-time gossip lend their aromas to the September issue of the *Anglo-Saxon Review*. Mr. John Fyvie writes about "The Most Gorgeous Lady Blessington" in the comment-cum-quotation style which, unless it is done very badly indeed, is always interesting. Similarly Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower tells the life-story of another *grande dame*, to wit, Anne Luttrell, Duchess of Cumberland, whose unfinished portrait by Gainsborough was hardly known until Queen Victoria lent it to the Guelph Exhibition. Personal recollections of Rubinstein employ the pen of another gossipper, and Sir Algernon West, who is a social encyclopædia, strings together his memories of some "Celebrated Women of Recent Times." The flow of old memories is continued by Mrs. Amelia Young, who makes a volume of *The World* (1787) give up its quaintnesses, and by Mr. Wilfrid Sheridan, who brings forward some unpublished letters bearing on his ancestor, Richard Brinsley Sheridan. In one of these the traditional "Sherry" is all himself :

Chancery-lane, nr. Holloway's,
Wednesday.

DEAR SHAW,—I wish extremely you could call on me at the Albany before ten this evening; if not, I will meet you here punctually at twelve.—Yours truly,

R. B. SHERIDAN.

Alas! this note bears the indorsement of Shaw :

He did not attend at either place herein mentioned. Mem. sent me to Mr. Moore, who, he said, had some money for me from him (Sheridan). I met Mr. Moore and mentioned this. His answer was that he had none, &c.

Altogether, a good number of the *Anglo-Saxon*, and not nearly so wanting in actuality as we have made it appear, for Mr. Julian Corbett writes on War Correspondence, Mr. Frederic J. Crowest on Coronation Music, and Mr. Earl Hodgson on Liberalism.

STUDENTS of the religious novel—a form of fiction which we are told stands next on the rota of popularity—may like to make a note of some remarks dropped by Mr. James Macarthur, the pleasant literary gossipper of *Harper's Weekly*. Mr. Macarthur says :

Recently I had occasion to remark the distinction which *Robert Elsmere* and *John Inglesant* gained, in their time, as religious novels. I wonder if, half a century hence, they will be as entirely forgotten as is Miss Jewsbury's *Zoe*, or

The Two Lives, which had its little day fifty years ago, and long since ceased to be. *Zoe* was not only the precursor of Froude's *Nemesis of Faith*, published three years after it in 1848, but of *Robert Elsmere*. It is of some importance to recall the appearance of this work, for in modern English fiction *Zoe* was the first novel in which the hero's career is made dependent on the victory of modern scepticism over ancient and orthodox belief. Like *Robert Elsmere*, he renounces religious orders and hierarchical distinction, and, burning with the desire to serve his fellow-men, devotes himself to humanise a half-savage people in one of the wildest iron districts of South Wales. His unwearyed efforts are beginning to reap some reward when Mirabeau, on the eve of the French Revolution, arrives in England, and makes fierce love to the heroine, and a Methodist revival also reaches the village in which the hero has been labouring. The irony and tragic force of the closing chapters are very striking. The career of Miss Jewsbury's hero ends in his being cast forth from the village as an emissary of Satan, amid the storm provoked by a rude and ignorant Methodist狂人. Although, like *Robert Elsmere*, he also is cut off by premature death, it must be said that the close of *Zoe* is far less commonplace than that of Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel.

Have any of our readers an acquaintance with *Zoe*?

THE *Fortnightly* has a good article by Mr. Harold Spender on Ravenna. "How lonely she lies to-day! Fringed with her melancholy pines, and lulled with no music except the croaking of the frogs, there she sinks into silent decay. Her streets are grass-grown. Her churches are empty. The very tourist shrinks from her depressed hostilities. He tries to come for the day and speeds away for the night, frightened by some vague rumour of fever, or ignorant of her claims to renown. And yet Ravenna took from Rome the fading glories of the latter Empire, and was lit for a brief space with the glory of that mighty sunset. Here was the twilight of the gods." Mr. Spender is soon standing by Dante's tomb, and walking under the frontage of Theodoric's palace. He does not, of course, forget Byron, but we could wish that Byron had enjoyed a more proportionate mention. There are not so many things in English poetry better than Byron's "Ave Maria" stanzas in "Don Juan." Some imp of darkness or accident made us misquote Byron a fortnight ago. We offer his shade the appeasement of this :

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!
The time, the clime, the spot where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer.

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!
Ave Maria! oh, that face so fair!
Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty dove—
What though 'tis but a pictured image strike—
That painting is no idol, 'tis too like.

Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,
In nameless print, that I have no devotion;
But set those persons down with me to pray,
And you shall see who has the properest notion
Of getting into Heaven the shortest way;
My altars are the mountains and the ocean,
Earth, air, stars—all that springs from the great Whole,
Who hath produced, and will receive, the soul.

Sweet hour of twilight!—in the solitude
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flowed o'er,
To where the last Cesarean fortress stood,
Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee

It is interesting to have Mr. Spender's note on the present state of the pine forest :

The pines are not so thick as when Dante walked in the Vicole de Poeti, or even when Byron rode out to his daily pistol-practice. But there is no danger that the world will ever lose these immemorial trees, instinct with a world-melancholy, born partly of association and partly of their own gaunt mournfulness—lofty trunks, bare up to a great height, and then lifting their burd-ns of stiff fir into the blue Italian sky. There is something profoundly mournful about these stern sentinels of Ravenna in her decay. They are so unlike Italy. They seem to have been left behind by that Gothic army of Theodoric that encamped there, to keep watch and ward over the bones of all those wandering, hapless exiles from the North who have found in Italy at once their paradise and their grave.

LOVERS of Scott will do well to possess themselves of the October number of *Chambers's Journal* for the sake of Miss Eve Blantyre Simpson's article on "Last Links with Scott." Some of her facts and stories appeared recently in the *British Weekly*, but others are added, and the whole forms a very interesting and touching record of the recollections of the little and ever-lessening band of those who remember him. Undoubtedly the most striking of these memories is Mr. George Croal's. He distinctly remembers the speech in which Sir Walter avowed his authorship of his *Waverley* Novels, and the storm of enthusiasm it aroused.

SOME interesting particulars concerning the proposed Victor Hugo Museum in Paris are given by the *New York Times Saturday Review*. The Museum will be opened on February 26 of next year as part of the centenary celebration of Hugo's birth at 6, Place de Vosges, then known as the Place Royal. The prime mover in these celebrations is the aged M. Meurice, Hugo's Boswell, known of late to English readers by his presentation of Hugo's love-letters. M. Meurice is over eighty years of age, and he will crown Hugo's and his own careers by giving to the Museum, besides a goodly sum of money, a collection of MSS., portraits, busts, books, and other Hugoana. Of M. Meurice's unflagging devotion to Hugo's genius, M. Henry Fouquier made eloquent mention recently in the *Figaro* as follows :

I cannot imagine a spectacle more moving than that of this magnificent old man—for Meurice is over eighty—a writer of great merit himself, content still to figure as a disciple. He has constituted himself the guardian of the fame of Victor Hugo—that master of an entire literary generation—a master who seems a god. Yet this god of poetry really needs some defence against the disrespect of certain writers of our day. It would not be difficult to find, with a little research, a certain tiny chapel—so very tiny that its officiating priests may appear giants—where one of the articles of faith is that there cannot be found in all the works of Hugo one page that is worth the *Voiseau Ivre* of Verlaine's *bel ami*, Arthur Rimbaud. . . . This sort of disrespect may well be classed as the worst of literary snobbishness.

A Victor Hugo monument is to be unveiled, and the Victor Hugo revivals will fill the theatres.

"NUMBER from First to Sixth, according to taste and service of audience." In this note referring to the blank left in the last line of each stanza of his new verses, "M. I.," published in the *Windsor Magazine*, Mr. Kipling confessed the banjo. But the verses are a very good banjo libretto, and they will be appreciated by the Mounted Infantry :

I wish my mother could see me now, with a fence-post under my arm,
And a knife and a spoon in my putties that I found on a Boer farm;

Atop of a sore-backed Argentine with a thirst that you couldn't buy—

I used to be in the Hampshire once
(Glosters, Lincolns, and Rifles once),
Sussex, Scottish, and Yorkshires once! (ad lib.)

But now I am M. I.!

That is what we are known as—that is the name you must call
If you want officers' servants, pickets, an' 'orse-guards an' all—
Details for buryin'-parties, company cooks, or supply—
Turn out the chronic Ikonas! Roll up the — M. I.!

I wish my mother could see me now, a-gatherin' news on
my own,

When I ride like a General up to the scrub an' ride back like
Tod Sloan—

Remarkably small on my 'orse's neck to let the shots go by.

We used to fancy it risky once
(Called it a reconnaissance once),
Under the charge of an crf'cer once,

But now we are M. I.!

That is what we are known as—that is the word you must say
When you want men to be Mausered for one-and-a-penny a day.
We are no dollar Colonials—we are the 'ome-made supply;
Write to the London Ikonas! Ask for the — M. I.

WE hear great things of the success of the new art magazine, the *Connoisseur*, of which Messrs. Sampson Low are the English publishers. The October number has a very prosperous and inviting appearance. Reproduction of master-pieces in colour is apparently to be one of the *Connoisseur's* strong points, that of Morland's "Farmer's Stable" in the National Gallery being admirable. There is also an excellent facsimile of a colour print by Kunisada, "The Travellers," with a landscape in the background by Hiroshige II. In the Sale Room column we have an interesting *olla podrida* of notes, from which we "lift" the following :

One of the most curious books that ever was written by an adept in the art of unravelling mystery was seen in a London sale-room a month or two ago. It sold for ten shillings, and was therefore not worth mentioning from a merchantable point of view, albeit it was cheap at the money. It is known as *Hermippus Redivivus; or, The Sage's Triumph over Old Age and the Grave*; the author, one Hans Heinrich Cohausen, it seems—for no name is given on the treatise—a physician born at Heidelsheim in 1665, who had the misfortune to die, in spite of his theory, at the comparatively early age of eighty-five. Had he not been knocked down by a cart at Münster, he ought to have been living still, for the method of prolonging the vigour and life of man, as laid down by this sage, makes it as certain as anything can do—on paper—that no one who follows it can possibly shuffle off this mortal coil in a natural way till he is as old as Methuselah. Cohausen, in his search for the elixir, had come across an inscription on an old monument, which set forth that Lucius Clodius Hermippus, whose remains were entombed below, had lived to the age of a hundred and fifteen years and five days, "anhelitu puerorum"—i.e., by imbibing the breath of young boys—and his treatise is written to prove that this is no fanciful inscription, but conveys the sober truth. On paper, as we have said, he proves his case up to the hilt, and it is a thousand pities that the Münster vehicle deprived him of life just at the very moment when it was beginning to become interesting. Hermippus is dead, it is true, and he died young; but that was because he did not know the whole truth—he was but a pioneer whom an accident foiled.

THE *Rambler* rambles this week into a tirade against "The Real John Milton"—accusing him, of course, of treachery, double-dealing, and domestic tyranny. "All through his Life, Self was his God." After a rapid and unsparing summary of Milton's political and matrimonial life, the writer remarks: "He devoted himself to Poetry and the dragooning of his Daughters," and that is all we hear of his poetry :

He died with scarcely a Friend in the World, his natural sourness intensified by Poverty, Blindness, and Disease.

It is difficult to commiserate him, for, whatever Admiration his Poetry may inspire, we cannot forget that he reviled his murdered King. He died with querulous Complaints about evil Times and evil Tongues, unrepentant of his own Wickedness, full of Envy and Malice at the Restoration of that national Happiness which his scurvy Soul could not share.

Milton's is one of those lives which can never be cast into a form acceptable to all. He lived in warring times and took sides, and his partisanship will always signify, because the struggles in which he was engaged will always be deeply significant. To this welter of forces in which his memory dwells, must be added the incompleteness of his character and its harsh and masterful elements. These again will always signify, because they share the undying significance of marriage. All of which is no endorsement of the *Rambler's* high jinks in the judgment-seat.

WE have received from Messrs. A. Constable & Co. a set of twenty volumes of their new edition of Shakespeare. It is well printed on good paper, and each volume contains an illustration, printed in colours, by such artists as Mr. Byam Shaw, Mr. Leslie Brock, Mr. Jacomb Hood, and others. The volumes are to be issued at fortnightly intervals, and will be sold separately at half-a-crown each.

WE suppose the juxtaposition of the following paragraphs, which appeared in a contemporary, was quite accidental :

In a glove fight at Fort Erie yesterday, says Reuter's Buffalo correspondent, Jim Ferna knock'd out Frank Erne in the fifth round.

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. have in preparation the first volume of the Cloister Library, a new series, which is to contain a choice selection of works of a meditative character.

Bibliographical.

IT is a little surprising to note in the lists of forthcoming books a new study of Walt Whitman. One would have thought that the last word had been said concerning that strenuous personality. It is only a few years since we had—all within the same twelvemonth—the books on Whitman by J. A. Symonds, J. Burroughs, and T. Donaldson, two of which, at least, were worthy of remembrance. Prior to that came books on the same topic by R. G. Ingersoll (1894), H. L. Traubel (1894), and W. Clarke (1892). Going farther back, we come across the volume on Whitman by R. Bucke (1883). But the number of such things is legion. One of the earliest and one of the fairest estimates of Whitman was that which the late Robert Buchanan included in his *David Gray and Other Essays* (1868). "Artistic sympathies," he then wrote, "Walt Whitman has none; he is that curiously-crying bird—a prophet with no taste. He sees vividly, but he is not always so naturally moved to sing exquisitely. He has the swagger of the prophet, not the sweetness of the musician. Hence all those crude metaphors and false notes which must shock artists, those needless bestialities which repel prudes, that general want of balance and that mental dizziness which astonish most Europeans."

Messrs. Ward & Lock have just issued a story by Mr. Le Queux called *The Temptress*, and Mr. Le Queux has promptly called attention to the fact that the work is not a new one, having been brought out originally in 1895 by the Tower Publishing Company. There can be no objection to this fact being known, but it is not quite clear that Messrs. Ward & Lock were called upon to blazon it forth. There is nothing in their edition of the tale which states or implies that it is a fresh product of the author's ingenuity. I assume that Mr. Le Queux parted with the copyright of the story, and that the Tower Company transferred it to

Messrs. Ward & Lock "for a consideration." The resuscitation of *The Temptress* has led sundry reviewers to deal with it as a novelty, but that is nobody's fault but their own. The incident should be of value to young authors, who should be careful, when surrendering their copyright, to make certain stipulations about the future of their work—about the manner and circumstances in which it may be reproduced by and by. If literary beginners nowadays commit acts of folly, it is not from want of warning and exhortation.

Let us hope the best from Lord Dufferin's promised Introduction to the new edition of the works of Sheridan. About those works it is not perhaps possible to say anything new, but assuredly Sheridan owes very little to his critics. Macaulay was hostile; Mrs. Oliphant was utterly at sea. The most sympathetic of his censors was, I take it, Hazlitt; we must remember, too, the essay by Leigh Hunt. One of the most competent of the commentators was Mr. Brander Matthews, U.S.A., who wrote the biographical sketch for the edition of Sheridan's "Rivals" and "School for Scandal," American in origin, which Messrs. Chatto & Windus sent out in 1885. This edition, by the way, had illustrations from the pencils of Mr. E. A. Abbey, Mr. C. S. Reinhart, &c.

Sir Rennell Rodd's appointment to Rome has induced a few people to remember that he is not only a diplomatist but a writer of verses. As a matter of fact, he has been publishing rhymes for two decades at least. Since 1881, when he issued *Songs in the South*, he has produced *Poems in Many Lands* (1883), *Freida, and Other Poems* (1886), *The Unknown Madonna, and Other Poems* (1888), *The Violet Crown and Songs of England* (1892), and *Ballads of the Fleet* (1897). As Sir Rennell is only forty-three years of age, we may look, I dare say, for more such volumes.

Mr. Horace E. Scudder, who is to give us the authoritative *Life of J. R. Lowell*, should already be tolerably well known to the English public. Messrs. Sampson Low published in 1882 his monograph on *Noah Webster* ("American Men of Letters" series); and his *Childhood in Literature and Art* (1894) and *History of the United States of America* (1897) have both had English publishers. Certain other books of his—such as *Boston Town* (1881), *The Bodley Grandchildren* (1882), *The Bodley Family in England* (1883), *The Viking Bodleys* (1884), *Stories and Romances* (1886), *Book of Folk Stories* (1887), and *George Washington* (1889)—have also had some circulation in this country. Mr. Scudder, I may add, anticipated Mr. Herbert Paul in entitling a volume of critical essays *Men and Letters*. That was in 1887.

The latest biography of Wagner is to come to us from America, being the work of Mr. W. L. Henderson, who is, I believe, a Transatlantic critic of some note. No doubt it will show reasons for its existence, but meanwhile we are pretty well supplied with Wagner memoirs of one sort or another. One of the first was that which the late Dr. Hueffer contributed to the "Great Musicians" series in 1883. Then came a translation of F. Muncken's book (1891), F. Praeger's recollections of the composer (1892), H. T. Finck's monograph (1893), and H. S. Chamberlain's work (1897), to say nothing of a big biography, from the German, now in course of publication. Of Wagner's correspondence, of course, several volumes have been issued.

The recent revivals of Shakespeare's "Henry V." will no doubt help to enlarge the public demand for the volume on Henry, "the typical mediæval hero," which Messrs. Putnam promise us. Messrs. Benson and Waller have made Henry popular in quarters where next to nothing was known of him. It is now about twelve years since the Rev. A. J. Church wrote for the "English Men of Action" a sketch of the career of Henry. The coming volume will probably be a more elaborate performance.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Old Quest.

The Hearts of Men. By H. Fielding. (Hurst & Blackett. 10s. 6d.)

THIS is a book by itself. It is not a great book, nor an epoch-making book, nor a book that libraries and clubs will buy. Divines will not use it as a text for sermons, and it will not be discussed at dinner-tables to the accompaniment of wandering inspections of frocks and stealthy glances at the *menu*. Yet it is, in its way, a rare, an exceptional book. It is sincere from cover to cover, the work of a lonely, brooding, introspective, but not unhappy man, on whom the riddle and mystery of existence has pressed heavily, and whose inner life-task has been to discover what he believes, and what is the meaning of the world's many religions. It is the search for a new faith, by a man "who did not find it, because he knew not what he sought." Many writers would have cast their reflections into the form of a novel, as Mr. James Lane Allen did in *The Increasing Purpose*. Mr. Fielding has preferred the directer form of veiled autobiography. For that we are grateful. The Boy referred to impersonally through these pages is himself; so is the Man.

We have called *The Hearts of Men* an exceptional book. That is so, and only an exceptional nature can produce an exceptional book. With this author the child was father to the man. As a boy he was of these (unenviable, unhappy few!) who take things hardly, who must for ever be asking why, who are not content with conventional theories from earthy elders, who will not be fobbed off with specious explanations. The curious, rebellious mind of this child was not quieted by contact with the world, as so often happens. The same questionings pursued him as a man, and it almost might be said that Providence or Fate worked with him, so that he might win through, helped by an exceptional environment, to his goal. Not for this seeker after God the distracting life of cities, competition, and the exhausting struggle to pay the way. His career sent him to the East, whence has come "all our light," the birthplace of religions, the home of those whom Max Müller has called "the most spiritual race the world has ever known," the country, conquered and yet in vital matters all unconquered by us, where "they carry their religion about with them," where "they are proud of it," where "they desire all men to know it." There, in a house half-way up a mountain side, he lived many years, much alone, with his books, his thoughts, and the marvel of the dawn, continually asking of himself and of nature: "What is the truth of things? what do you mean? And I—what do I mean? What is the secret of it all?"

Old questions! The libraries of the world are dark with books that have attempted to answer them. Shall we listen to this inquirer for a little? He comes with good credentials. Many quiet lives have profited by his former book, *The Soul of a People*. That was an attempt to understand a people, the Burmese; to understand a religion, that of Buddha. But he could not rest in Buddhism, although its rule of Law—unalterable, unchangeable—known by the Buddhist "long before our scientific men found it in the stars," held him with a firmer grasp than any other religion. He must pursue his Quest.

It is a simple narrative, the work of one who feels, rather than of one who thinks; mystical if you like, never philosophical. The sentences are short, the style candid as a child's face. He has nothing new to tell. Who, outside science, has? In the course of his inquiry tradition and authority are gracefully returned to their graves; creeds and other inventions of subtle minds are gently discarded; and in the hearts of men and women alive to-day, whose personal religion, whose daily conduct of life, rises above their creeds,

he finds his answer. But his path was long and tortuous. Let us follow him a little.

We pass over his boyhood, and the agony he endured from being unable to reconcile the week-day code as shown in the daily life of a public school, and the Sunday code as taught in chapel and at prayers; we pass the awakening that came from reading the *Origin of Species* and the *Descent of Man*, and come to the man who is, for better or worse, committed to his Quest. It will not be denied. He must find his way or perish. Surely, he reflects, not an impossible task. In this Empire of ours all the great religions are to be found. "It is the home of Brahminism, and of the mystical forms of Hinduism. There are more Mohammedans here than under the Sultan of Roum. There are the Parsees here, fugitives long ago from Persia on account of their faith, the only sun worshippers who are left. There are Jews who came here no one can tell how long ago, there are Christians who date back may-be eighteen centuries, there are Armenians and Arabs."

If anyone want a faith here are enough and to spare. "Therefore," thought the boy, who had now become a man, "I will seek here for what I want. I know what I want. I have it clearly before me. I have even written it down. It is not as if I was undertaking a blind search for something of which I was not sure. These are my three essentials; a reasonable theory of the universe, a workable and working code of conduct, a promise in the after life that gives me something to really desire, to really hope for, to be a haven towards which I may steer. I will take each subject, each section of a subject, separately and read it up. I will read up these faiths from books, I will study them as I can from the people, and I will see what they are. Surely somewhere can be found what I desire, what I desire so greatly to find."

He bought shelves of books, and read them intently, hope always lurking in the unturned leaves. Books on Hinduism, Mohammedanism, Judaism, Parseeism, Confucianism, Jainism he read, and on many other strange faiths. But most of all he read about Buddhism. Several years of his life were thus spent. Then he collected certain ideas from various faiths, correlated and compared them; and, after endless labour, he had advanced no farther, we gather, than the conception (there the savage and Mr. Herbert Spencer join hands) that "God is the Big Man who causes things." One by one this Solitary rejected the faiths of the world, till there were left to him but two—Christianity and Buddhism—and these in time went the way of the others. He found neither in Christ nor in Buddha the models men follow, "because men are sure that, though there be truth in their teachings, yet it is not all the truth, though there be beauty yet are there other beauties as great, nay greater than these." And so, by slow degrees, always simplifying, he began to feel his way towards his goal, getting his first glimpse the day he realised that "God arose, never out of reason, always out of instinct." Finally he turns away from the creeds that the spiritual geniuses of the world have formulated, puts his books aside, and steps down into the life around him, saying: "Man and his necessities are the eternal truth, and all his religions are but framed by himself to minister to his needs. I will now go to those who know because they *know*, not because they *think*. My books shall be the hearts of men."

There Part I. of *The Hearts of Men* ends. In Part II. he tells how, following this clue, he found the path that led to peace. He had learnt "never to be deceived by theories or professions"; that "the desire for immortality is one of the strongest of all the emotions; but the ideal which the theologian offers to the believer to fulfil his desire has no attraction. The more it is defined the less anyone wants it. . . . Dogmas and creeds are not religion. . . . Never mind what the creeds say; watch what the believers do. . . . Who are the happy men and women in the world? They are the people who have religion. . . . Religion is

not what you say, but what you feel ; not what you think, but what you do. . . . The creeds are but theories to explain religion. . . . No matter where you go, no matter what the faith is called, if you have the hearing ear, if your heart is in unison with the heart of the world, you will always hear the same song. . . . Religion arises from instincts . . . There is no 'evidence' in religion ; you either believe it or you don't. . . . The great *doers* have always been religious, the great thinkers rarely so. . . . The faiths are all brothers, all born of the same mystery . . . They all come from that fount whence springs the life of the world."

Which is to echo St. Paul's words that the Spirit of God dwells in every man, the Spirit of that one "God who is above all and through all and in you all."

Many are certainly inclining to some such simple faith, carrying with it simple rules of conduct. It is the business of living in this world, the duty of cheerfulness, the necessity of discipline in pleasure as well as in work, with which men are at last beginning to concern themselves. Some are even beginning to ask whether they desire immortality. In the September issue of the *Fortnightly Review*, an Oxford don, Mr. F. C. S. Schiller, prints the following questions, which have been sent out broadcast by the American branch of the Society for Psychical Research :

- I. Would you prefer (a) to live after "death," or (b) not?
- II. (a) If I. (a), do you desire a future life whatever the conditions may be?
(b) If not, what would have to be its character to make the prospect seem tolerable? Would you, e.g., be content with a life more or less like your present life?
(c) Can you say what elements in life (if any) are felt by you to call for its perpetuity?
- III. Can you state *why* you feel in this way, as regards Questions I. and II.?
- IV. Do you now feel the question of a future life to be of urgent importance to your mental comfort?
- V. Have your feelings on Questions I., II., and IV. undergone change? If so, when and in what ways?
- VI. (a) Would you like to know for certain about the future life, or (b) would you prefer to leave it a matter of faith?

A sign of the times. It is the life that tells. Who chooses a friend or a clerk for his creed? It is a man or woman's religion that makes and holds friendships, religion being (it is Mr. Fielding's definition) "the recognition and cultivation of our highest emotions, of our more beautiful instincts, of all that we know is best in us." In the outward expression of his own hardly-won inner life man rises above his creed. The Newman who lives is not the subtle dialectician of the *Apologia*, but the man who wrote : "One secret act of self-denial, one sacrifice of inclination to duty, is worth all the mere good thoughts, warm feelings, passionate prayers, in which idle people indulge themselves"; the Paul who holds the hearts of men is not the Paul of the "there are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial," but the human heart which broke through the fine meshes that the intellect had been weaving in that great outburst : "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity. . . ."

A Great Surgeon.

Memoirs and Letters of Sir James Paget. Edited by Stephen Paget, One of His Sons. (Longmans. 12s. 6d.)

It has been said that the worst biographer, and a great enemy of sound biography, is the Widow. We do not think that such an indictment can be brought against the Son. As a rule, we find sons' biographies of their fathers good reading. They may err, as this and most biographies do, in being too long ; but they are not seldom frank and

manly. The life-stories of Sir John Millais and Archbishop Benson, as written by their sons, have these qualities, and the book before us is another example of a just biography by a son. Mr. Stephen Paget has in his father a subject which warrants, and demands, eulogy. Sir James Paget was a very fine man, who rose in life by unceasing effort yet with an unfailing natural dignity and humility. Thus he excites two kinds of admiration. Yet there is a carefulness and a studious quietude in all Mr. Stephen Paget's praise of his father which are grateful to the reader. Not only there is the book good. Mr. Paget has an instinct for biography. He understands the charm of detail and of interiors. This is how he pictures his father working of an evening in his great house in Harewood Place, where he lived and gave consultations for thirty-six years :

He usually came in about five, for tea and letters. Dinner was a very plain meal, soon over ; a Spartan sort of dessert was put out upstairs ; he fetched his books and papers from his study, unlocked his desk, and set to work, at a narrow segment of the table that we all used. Two feet and a half was enough for his desk, his letters, and his glass of wine ; and always, year in and out, he sat at the same point of the table's compass, and made the least possible space do for everything. He began work at once, took his wine and his tea while he wrote ; heard and praised the music, but did not stop writing for it ; at ten read prayers, then wrote till twelve, and sent his first batch of letters to the post ; then wrote again, or read pathology or surgery till one or two in the morning. Of all memories of Harewood Place, the most vivid is of him sitting at his own small share of the big round table at his desk ; and we knew the moment when he signed a letter, and the etching sound of his pen changed to a swishing sound as he wrote his name.

Again, we wish to know the manner of a great London physician to his patients. It is one of the things that is asked and discussed in regard to every doctor. Mr. Paget does not fail us :

His manner toward new patients was rather formal ; it was an ordeal for some of them to consult him. He used to stand while he spoke to his patients, and was sparing of his words, but careful to write or talk fully and precisely to the medical man who had advised or brought the patient to consult him. With those patients who talked much he was silent ; he said it was the quickest way in the end ; and he was fond of trying in how few words he could write or say a thing. Once he was challenged to a sort of contest in brevity, and accepted the challenge. His adversary was a Yorkshireman, who came into his consulting-room and merely thrust out his lip, saying, "What's that?" "That's cancer," he answered. "And what's to be done with it?" "Cut it out." "What's your fee?" "Two guineas." "You must make a deal of money at that rate." And there the consultation ended. He saved his words to save time and because it amused him to save them, and not from any love of talking in oracles. To be brief was to be wise, to be epigrammatic was to be clever ; and his constant word of praise was "wise."

We have plunged in *medias res*, and it is not our purpose to trace Paget's long career from the year 1830, when he was apprenticed to a doctor in Yarmouth, his native town, to his death less than two years ago. It is a record of strenuous toil, slowly but at last richly rewarded. In the autobiographical memoir which he left, and which is the basis of this biography, he wrote : "If I had died before I was forty-seven I should have left my wife and children in extreme poverty. . . . If I had died or had become unfit for hard work before I was sixty, they would have been very poor." This is the statement of a great West End surgeon who rose to the height of his fame and to the proverbial £10,000 a-year when most men are beginning to slacken in the struggle. Honour retarded his acquisition of honours, for during years of his early career he was joining with his brothers in the discharge of debts incurred by his father, whose good fortune had ebbed in late life

leaving him poor, but blameless in the eyes of a censorious world.

Sir James Paget, like Dr. W. B. Richardson, has a good word for the old apprenticeship system, whereby a student learned at the outset of his career a great deal of miscellaneous medical knowledge and many points of practice. His early studies were continued at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, but under conditions very different from those of to-day. He crept slowly from one little success or appointment to another, and in his first year discovered, without getting much credit for it, the parasite *Trichnia spiralis*. At twenty-two, being only a little way advanced in his profession, and quite without prospects, Paget became engaged to be married. This indiscretion was the happiest event of his life, "the beginning of an engagement which for nearly eight years gave me help and hope enough to make even the heaviest work seem light, and then ended in a marriage blest with constancy of perfect mutual love not once disturbed. No human wisdom could have devised a step so wise as was this rash engagement." What his work was in quantity and effort may be gathered from the pages of his own memoir. It included every kind of task, even teaching and medical journalism and the cataloguing of the collection in the Royal College of Surgeons Museum. A glimpse of his thoroughness and scientific methods is given in regard to this catalogue, which occupied much of his time for seven years :

I described every specimen as I saw it standing or lying before me; nothing was to be told but what could be then and there seen; nothing that could be only imagined or remembered; there was to be mere translation from eyes to hand. And I venture to say that in tasks of scientific description no other method than this, where it is possible, should be trusted.

The work seemed arid enough, but Paget's mental fibre was of the best, and the long years of waiting, on an income averaging £170 a year, were lived by him in consistent effort and fidelity to his career. His tasks were so long and hard that "nothing in after life could seem laborious."

It was as a consulting surgeon and pathologist, and as a lecturer on pathology, that Paget gained wealth and fame. In practice, says his son, "his highest excellence was not in operating, but in his calculation of all the complex forces at work on a patient—heredity, temperament, habits, previous illnesses; in his insight into the variations and abnormalities of disease; and in his pathological knowledge or the characters, tendencies, and developments of surgical diseases." With the highest medical and surgical sagacity went a rare talent in exposition. Paget was an orator, if into that word you read the severe dominance of matter over mere eloquence, and of serious purpose over verbal art. The many extracts from his addresses which Mr. Stephen Paget quotes prove that he was a master of the kind of oratory which could alone serve him and his hearers. We wish space permitted us to copy a good many of these passages. The following words from a lecture on Degeneration are specially worth quoting, because they deal with a subject on which he meditated much in relation to himself :

To degenerate and die is as normal as to be developed and live; the expansion of growth and the full strength of manhood are not more natural than the decay and feebleness of a timely old age; not more natural, because not more in accordance with constant laws as observed in ordinary conditions. As the development of the whole being, and of every element of its tissues, is according to certain laws, so is the whole process regulated, by which all that have life will, as of its own workings, cease to live. The definition of life that Bichat gave is, in this view, as untrue as it is illogical. Life is so far from being "the sum of the functions that resist death," that it is a constant part of the history of life that its exercise leads naturally to decay, and through decay to death.

Compare these words, delivered during his thirties before the Royal College of Surgeons—where some of his seniors were vexed to sit under "a mere boy"—with what he wrote to Sir Henry Acland as late as 1896 :

I am, thank God, well, and may have been refreshed, in some measure, by my holiday. But I am growing very old, and as I watch the changes that old age brings, I constantly feel sure that they are such as one should be thankful for—including as they do the consciousness that the "time draweth near," and that, in the short time that may remain, there is very little claim or need for the work that almost wholly occupied one's earlier days; and that one's mind is wholly unfit for the study of such subjects as used to be one's delight and seemed to be one's duty; and that thus and by various other means one is being taught how best to use the time thus mercifully granted, and, as it were, divinely set apart and exactly fitted for its best use.

Thus becomingly did a well-knit, ordered and richly stored life draw to its close. We have not named a tenth of his occupations and triumphs. His friendships might have detained us. He bore the pall at Tennyson's funeral. We find him at the Grillion Club, sitting between Gladstone and Matthew Arnold. George Eliot writes to him about medical points for her stories. Browning and Romanes are his guests at Harewood Place, where Paget's firm, fine face lights up as Browning tells a story of a girl in their Italian lodgings who regularly stole their tea, which they bore with, but were angry when their candles went too, yet were mollified when they found out that she stole the candles to burn before a little shrine in expiation of her thefts from the tea-caddy. Well born in the best sense, as he tells us, well nurtured and companioned in his home, early married, faithful to himself and to his profession, Sir James Paget rose by the sheer headway of his character, without pushing or advertisement, until in the fulness of time he became a spectacle of all that is dignified and highly trained in man.

Millais painted his portrait. Photography has perpetuated his kind yet firm features, and his mild yet lofty looks. When he stood under Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of Hunter at the Royal College of Surgeons, to deliver the Hunterian Oration before an audience which included the Prince of Wales, Mr. Gladstone, the Duke of Argyll, Dean Stanley, Mr. Huxley, Mr. Tyndall, and many other distinguished men, one feels that he must have earned from them all the judgment which Gladstone expressed afterwards, when he divided mankind into two sets—the happy few who heard that oration and the to-be-pitied many who did not.

Good Art Criticism.

The Study and Criticism of Italian Art. By Bernhard Berenson. (Bell. 10s. 6d.)

A HANDSOME book and one all alive is Mr. Berenson's latest addition to the several volumes that bear his name. Vitality, indeed, is its most penetrating quality; vitality of style, vitality of content—and this in an age when Swinburne's "apes of the Dead Sea" are nowhere more active than in the field of art-writing. Mr. Berenson goes forward with a stride, an ease, a certainty that, translated into terms of paint, would stamp him one of the masters; and his thoroughness is that of a German who has learnt to think in English.

Mr. Berenson is always instructive, but with erudition he combines a rare gift for speculation of the right sort. His *Vasari in the Light of Recent Publications*, for instance, saves us any amount of trouble by establishing quite clearly how much and how little the Tuscan Boswell owed to his predecessors. Vasari was not the first writer to collect personal paragraphs about his beloved Florentines, but he was the first of any moment. The "Anonimo Maglia-

becciano," an industrious but flat-footed compiler, Antonio Billi, who preceded him, are so lucidly explained that, except for professional purposes, we feel nothing could induce us to examine a body of material so inferior to the structure quarried from it by Vasari. The Tuscan was an artist; his predecessors were not. They did good service, however, in preparing the way and furnishing matter for those indispensable "Vite."

Mr. Berenson, we make bold to say, is at his best in the paper on "Amico di Sandro." Like the late Dr. Owen, he constructs the entire animal out of some fossilised remains. In other words, he has found a new master, and, too, a very necessary one. "There exists a group of Florentine pictures . . . which at present pass under the names of Filippo Lippi, Botticelli, Ghirlandajo, and Filippino Lippi"—this group is evidently the work of someone else. Mr. Berenson's task is, primarily, to prove it homogeneous; secondly, to find the *homo*. This he does so convincingly that one of our most haunting doubts is gradually dissolved. In the royal apartments of the Pitti Palace, opposite the "Pallas" discovered by Mr. Spence, hangs a circular Madonna put up by the curator. Mr. Cornish describes his "find" as a Botticelli: arguing that there is nobody else to whom it can reasonably be ascribed. This Madonna is Botticelliesque, but inferior in quality to the real thing. It is second-rate, and might well be the work of one of Sandro's followers; indeed, of the very person, who, on similar grounds, Mr. Berenson christens "Amico di Sandro." We have not examined this piece with any minuteness, but, so far as we recollect, it bears much the same relation to a representative Botticelli that the Naples "Virgin and Child with Two Angels" does to the Chigi Madonna.

The speculative work to which we have just alluded is brilliantly carried out; no strain is put upon the intelligence—indeed, we turn from "Amico di Sandro," feeling more than anything the moderation with which his claims are urged. The like spirit infuses a highly exciting paper on "Certain Copies after Lost Originals by Giorgione." Not so very long ago Mr. Herbert Cook treated the same subject; but here Giorgione was lurking behind every tree. Mr. Cook was so anxious that no possible example should escape that he committed excesses. Mr. Berenson is content with a smaller haul, and never too eager to saddle his hero with the work of a lesser hand. He also, it is interesting to read, plumps for the Hampton Court "Shepherd Boy." Mr. Cook quite spoiled the case for the prosecution by a somewhat shaky ascription to Torbido, and by an enthusiastic acceptance of work much inferior to the "Shepherd Boy"; also by neglecting the morphological evidence which Mr. Berenson uses to such advantage.

In conclusion, we must call the reader's attention to some very excellent, if less mature, work on Correggio; to a paper dealing with the earlier Venetian masters as exemplified by the exhibition held some years ago at the New Gallery; and to a very suggestive note on the actual images seen in the "mind's eye" of Dante. The "Perugini," on p. 11, is a misprint for "Perugino"—nor would Charles Dickens's son-in-law have it otherwise. The book is illustrated with many pertinent reproductions.

Our Own Times.

Modern Europe: 1815—1899. By W. Alison Phillips. (Rivingtons.)

THIS is an excellent book, which should certainly be in every newspaper office. In the space of 600 pages Mr. Phillips contrives to give a connected and readable history of Europe from the Battle of Waterloo down to the outbreak of the Boer War; and when we consider that this period includes the revolutionary upheavings of 1848, the Crimean, Franco-Austrian, Austro-Prussian, Franco-Prus-

sian, and Russo-Turkish wars, together with the founding of two new Great Powers in the Kingdom of Italy and the Empire of Germany, the task may well seem Herculean. In order to effect it, Mr. Phillips has to cut all descriptions of campaigns, and, in fact, of all military affairs, as short as possible; but perhaps this is no great loss. With the increasing complications of the military art, it may be doubted whether long descriptions of strategy and tactics such as Kinglake attempted in his *Crimea* have much permanent value.

The story that Mr. Phillips has to tell may serve to remind us how quickly events once familiar are receding from us. To a generation which has seen Mr. Gladstone's Bulgarian atrocity agitation and its faint recrudescence over the Armenian massacres, it seems odd to hear that the independence of the Greece which has been so long the spoiled child of Europe was not accomplished without barbarities to which the Bulgarian and Armenian horrors are as feathers:

The Greek clergy [says Mr. Phillips, in describing the insurrection of 1821], headed by Archbishop Germanos of Patras, took the lead in proclaiming a war against the infidel; and the Mussulmans of the Morea, taken by surprise, had no time in which to organise resistance. At the outburst of the revolt these numbered some 25,000 souls; within six weeks none survived save the remnant which had escaped into the fortified towns. These, too, as one by one the strong places were starved into submission, were massacred with every aggravation of barbarity. The storming of Tripolitza, followed by the deliberate slaughter in cold blood of 2,000 Mussulman prisoners of all ages and sexes, completed the first chapter in the history of the revolt.

When we consider that during the last Greco-Turkish war neither side had anything to complain of in the treatment of wounded or prisoners, we may flatter ourselves that public opinion in Europe has made some ethical advance in at least one particular.

Whether it has done so in others is more open to doubt. Metternich is compared by Mr. Phillips to Mephistopheles as being the very spirit of disbelief; yet it is difficult to say that in point of public faith we have gone far forward since his time. Nothing is more striking in this history than the cynical way in which European statesmen—honourable men as they no doubt are in private life—yet break their most solemn public engagements when once they have fulfilled their purpose. Russia, Mr. Phillips tells us, entered into the Black Sea Treaty of 1856 with the deliberate intention of repudiating it at the first convenient opportunity, an opportunity which duly occurred during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. But in doing so she very well knew what she was about, for the liberty to denounce it was the price, according to Mr. Phillips, with which Bismarck had purchased Russia's neutrality, and even in certain circumstances her active aid against France as far back as 1867. We all remember "the traitor stab" that France dealt Italy when she stipulated for the cession of Nice and Savoy as the price of her help against Austria, but that was at least fair bargaining. But what shall we say of the treachery with which both France and Prussia plotted against Europe in the secret treaty for the partition of Belgium and Luxembourg, which was, fortunately, never carried into effect? Even Italy, it is said, in spite of the assistance she received from Prussia in achieving her own independence, was willing to throw in her lot with France in 1870 on certain terms, and the only thing that prevented this was the dallying of Napoleon III. with the offer until it was too late. The diplomatists and statesmen of Europe appear in Mr. Phillips's book as a set of cardsharers apparently playing an open and honourable game, while secretly each one is scheming to obtain some unfair advantage from his neighbours.

Mr. Phillips does not conceal his own political bias,

although he seldom allows it to interfere with his impartiality. He is possibly right when he argues in more than one passage that England has done herself harm rather than good by the efforts she has made to check the expansion of Russia in Europe, inasmuch as she has thereby compelled the Czar to seek increase of territory in Asia. Setting aside the question whether policy has really much to do with the territorial expansion of nations, it seems to us that Mr. Phillips's contention will only hold good if Russia is really plotting the eventual conquest of India, a contingency which only time can make certain. The Crimean War is now generally admitted by both political parties in England to have been a mistake, and it certainly seems curious that if Russia's eventual aim be India she did not make further efforts to achieve it when we were in the throes of the Great Mutiny. For the rest, Mr. Phillips passes over in silence the abandonment of the Soudan under Mr. Gladstone—a fault which he may perhaps consider wiped out by the subsequent reconquest by Lord Kitchener; and, although he goes at some length into the partition of Africa, omits all reference to the surrender at Majuba. It is curious to be reminded by him that the idea of a Franco-Russian alliance is as old as the Treaty of Tilsit, and was declared by Lamartine to be "the cry of nature, the revelation of geography, the alliance of war, the balance of peace." He thinks that it only fell into abeyance through the abhorrence felt by the French democracy at the crushing of Poland by Russia, and later by the apparent instability of Republican government in France. In this, too, he may be right.

Almost the only protest that we should care to make against Mr. Phillips's *dicta* on such questions is the proposition which he advances very early in the book, that "in the national as in the constitutional movements of the age the motive power will always be found to be the pressure of material needs or interests." This theory, wherein appears the leaven of the old Utilitarian philosophy, is, in fact, disproved by nearly every page of his book. It was certainly the pressure of no material need or interest that induced Europe to play the fairy godmother part in the establishment of an independent Greece and an independent Italy. Nor was it material need, or, apparently, anything but jealousy of the rising power of Prussia, which caused all France in 1870 to egg the Emperor on to war. Even the aggressions of Russia on Turkey, resulting as they have done in the creation of a belt of autonomous Christian States between her and her supposed goal of Constantinople, do not here appear to have been dictated by the greed for territory. Rather, does Mr. Phillips say, their origin is to be sought in the mystical ideas of Alexander I., who thought himself called by heaven to be the champion of Christendom, and to the impress which that policy, once seriously taken up, has left upon the still doubtful character of the Russian bureaucracy. If there is a lesson to be learnt from Mr. Phillips's history, it is that sentiment, and not reason, more than ever rules the world.

It only remains to say that three maps, a very full bibliography, and a sufficient index make the book as valuable for reference as it is pleasant to read.

Good Sense and Observation.

A Motley Crew: Reminiscences, Observations, and Attempts at Play-Writing. By Mrs. G. W. Steevens. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

I only publish this *Motley Crew* because it was the wish of one whose word to me was—and is—law that it should be done.

Should any part of the volume attain any measure of success, it would encourage me to go on, so let the critic and public beware.

By all means let Mrs. Steevens go on; in its way her

book is entertaining. There is in it a brisk good sense, touched with a feeling of all the pity and difficulties of life, which goes home to the reader. We do not wonder that the late Mr. G. W. Steevens urged his wife to publish these sketches. The "Sketch in Five Phases" with which the book opens has for its theme a marriage like that in "Locksley Hall"—"Thou art mated to a clod"; only the results are painted in darker colours. As for the telling, it is not a bit dramatic, but simply narrative and comment into which a slow Biblical simplicity and remoteness have crept. Good, too, in the same style is "Fell by the Way"—a young man's error. In all we find observation and keen human sympathy. The essay on "Charities and Charity," reprinted from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is the straight talking of a woman of clever practical benevolence and quick wits. Best of all we like "The Opinions of an Old Lady." The old lady is Mrs. Oliphant, and the paper is a gay little record of her wise prattle about life, young women, and books, during a country visit. On a wet day her hostess said to her in the library: "I hope, dear madam, that you find something you can read":

She sniffed again, more decidedly this time, and drew her lips together, making what, if I had not so much respect for her, I should call a *moue*. "I can read them, my dear," she said, "I have a robust appetite. I can read the *Family Herald*, which my maid takes in regularly. They are a sort of bane and antidote; the *Family Herald* all victim and fine manners, the new literature the reverse. I think I prefer *Lady Angelina*, or even the angelic governess who triumphs over every temptation, to the flushed and walloping young woman of the others; but you know I am old-fashioned. I begin to lose myself in the sound, and don't know which is which—Keynotes, or Discords, or Eclogues, or Spasms—they are all in the same tone. The women are a trifle more indecent than the young men, but neither the one nor the other, as far as I can see, are acquainted with anything better in life than those beings whom in my time we called by disagreeable names, and desired to hear of as little as possible."

"It is the reign of realism," said I. "They all wish to depict things as they see them."

"The reign of fiddlesticks!" cried my Old Lady.

The whole thing is airy, inconsequential, and wise—the pleasantest scouring and forgiving of the New Woman by the Old Lady:

"There is that poor lady of the *Heavenly Twins*," she said. . . . "The best character in that book is the wicked husband who keeps his word like a man and a gentleman, which is a great deal more than the woman does. It is perhaps the danger with us old people that we get too tolerant. A great many of the people who are dear to me do very wrong things, but it makes no difference in my feeling towards them. It is not what one calls forgiving. I think sometimes that it makes me understand how at the last—"

She looked away over the valley, and said no more; until after a minute or two her voice, which had become a little husky, came out quite clearly: "I like that house among the trees—where you see the roofs only—no, not the others that stand up and grin at you across the coombe—the one with the roofs."

She talked of Gyp. "I was passing through her district once, and I had the greatest mind in the world to call upon her and say, 'My dear, you are delightful; you are the gayest, the Wittiest, the most enchanting creature; but why, oh! why will you always gather that handful of nastiness and fling it in our faces at the end? And there is no need for it; and it's not your forte at all.'"

The Old Lady's final departure in a cab by which she had forestalled the carriage and luggage cart ordered for her is quiet humour that we like. By all means—by all manner of means—let Mrs. Steevens go on giving us her observations in such forms as these.

Other New Books.

UNSTORIED IN HISTORY.

BY GABRIELLE FESTING.

The epithet, "some famous women," seems at first sight rather in conflict with the title of this book, *Unstoried in History: Portraits of Some Famous Women of the 16th, 17th, and 18th Centuries*. But the meaning is that they were women in their way illustrious, who yet make no figure in formal history—and indeed are most of them without any conspicuous biography, if they have found a biographer at all, as is not always the case. Truth to say, some of them seem hardly fit subjects for the adjective "famous," being but very minor and inconspicuous personages in themselves, apart from the chance absence of literary conspicuousness. But it is an interesting book, just the thing which women in general do well, and better than men. These vivid glimpses into the feminine domesticities of bygone days, drawn from contemporary letters and records, as they appeal to a woman's understanding sympathy, exactly suit the woman's touch—light, discursive, and kindly. A man's hand would crush in the handling these old scented robes of dead ladies. Here you may read how the "heying and frisking" of Queen Bess's giddy-pated maids of honour did greatly incommoded of nights reverend diplomats, one of whom retaliated by parading the ladies' dormitory in night-shirt and spectacles, declaiming Latin verses. Or how another lady stung all her fellows to bitter envy by attending a royal birthday-ball in a three-hundred-pound dress. Is it possible that these fluttering moths have passed to the same dread Assize as Elizabeth, Agrippina, and Semiramis? They, with their gossamer ambitions and little scented passions? It is a book you will read to the last word, and thank the writer. (James Nisbet. 6s.)

AN ISEULT IBYLL, AND OTHER POEMS.

BY G. CONSTANT LOUNSBERRY.

The title of this little volume does not stir us with any great promise of originality, and as the title are the contents. Polished, cultivated, supple verse, in the strict mode of the day; a pleasant music, languorous and thin; derivative colour and derivative diction, such as we have encountered in a dozen similar little books of verse; and under it all—nothing to say. Mr. Lounsberry (if we may at a venture so interpret the epicene name on the title-page) is best in descriptive passages, as most of this class of merely competent verse-makers are; though it cannot be said that even these passages have any touch of magic, or originality of idea. The "Ode to Bacchus" may yield an example:

Born and re-born, now sorrowful, now glad,
Through change eternal rising from the sea,
His are the tides that pulse, now slow, now mad.
Within the blood of man and beast and tree;
His is the grape, a globe of fire and dew,
Dusky as night, like day shot through with fire,
An amber bead of sunshine and of rain;
To solace woe, for those who rightly sue,
And drown despair or kindle dead desire,
On to the mountains, hail him from the main!

Ye maids of Thebes, ye mothers, hurry hence,
For madness mingles with the midnight air.
The liberator Bacchus! whither, whence?
Then follow, follow, track him to his lair.
Unbind your tresses, let your fillets fall,
And seize ye each a thyraus sharp and sweet,
Forget not then to draw the dappled fawn
About your foam-whit' e shoulders as ye call,
Evi, Bacchus! hurry we to greet
The God before the sky is strewn with dawn.

That is good craftsmanship: but the phrases constantly suggest the model, not one has taken fire from its own motion, or draws its juices (so to speak) from the intensity of the life underneath. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

SEA AND COAST FISHING.

BY F. G. AFLALO.

We have read this work with a concern which is due to our respect for its subject; but we cannot say that Mr. Aflalo has quite risen to the occasion. He has what a Scots reviewer once called "fatal facility." Of this let us give an instance:

I have lately come across several quite excellent sea-rods of various price and pattern, among the best being one supplied to me by Messrs. Allcock, of Redditch, of sectional cane, and with some cork in the butt. The fittings are in white metal, with a pin arrangement in the ferrules. The large rubber button or knob on the end of the butt is a great comfort when playing large fish, and the rod is, moreover, in two joints only—an advantage, I find, when putting it together in a boat. In putting a rod together on a bank, or even on a pier, the extra joint does not matter, and a three-joint rod has its advantages in packing smaller, as each of the three need be but a third the total length, instead of, as in the other case, one-half.

This, no doubt, is eloquent; but it is a very long way of saying that a third is shorter than a half. Besides, Mr. Aflalo, if really he were a skilled fisherman, would not have waited until he was in the boat before putting his rod up. He would have put it up before he embarked. There are many other passages in this work which annoy us from the same cause—many passages, that is to say, in which Mr. Aflalo, assuming that all his readers are ignorant of his subject, goes prattling on in a manner which affirms great knowledge, whilst, as a matter of fact, he is writing about nothing of any importance at all. The illustrations, also, are exasperating. On page 82, for example, we find a picture very badly reproduced and under it this legend:

Showing the "Bates" Sea Reel (Carter's), Bernard's new form of Landing Net, a sectional Cane Rod by Allcock, and a Paternoster by Farlow.

This is very impressive to the untutored mind; the trouble is that the advertisement which it gives to Carter, Bernard, Allcock, and Farlow is of absolutely no use, as the rod, the landing-net, and the Paternoster are quite indistinguishable in the picture from any others which Mr. Aflalo might have chosen for reproduction. In the text there are many signs that our industrious bookmaker pretends the virtue of knowledge when he has it not. It is not a good book; but we do not know of any on the same subject which is not just as bad. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

The one drawback to Mr. E. T. Cook's *Popular Handbook to the National Gallery* has been its bulk. It was not for the pocket. Messrs. Macmillan have now issued the work in two thin-paper volumes in red leather. In this form the book may be easily taken to the National Gallery in the pocket. There has been much rearrangement of the pictures since the first edition was published, and of all alterations and additions Mr. Cook takes count. He has also introduced many fresh notes.

The Story of Fish Life, by Mr. W. P. Pycraft (1s.), is added to Messrs. Newnes's "Useful Stories" series. Mr. Pycraft has caught the spirit of this admirable series, and his chapters on "How Fishes Breathe," "Fish Liveries, and Why they are Worn," and "Courtship and Nursery Duties" are especially interesting.

Hands, and How to Read Them: a Popular Guide to Palmistry, by E. René (Pearson, 1s.), is as convincing or unconvincing as you please. All we can say is, that it is a taking little book, well printed, well illustrated, and big with suggestion.

Messrs. Macmillan begin this week an edition of the novels of Thackeray at 3s. 6d. per volume. The first volume is *Vanity Fair*, with Thackeray's illustrations. The volume is excellent in form and size, and those who know and appreciate Messrs. Macmillan's edition of the non-copyright novels of Dickens will be glad to have their Thackeray.

Fiction.

New Canterbury Tales. By Maurice Hewlett. (Constable. 6s.)

MR. HEWLETT'S new book offers his admirers what might be called homeopathic doses of the usual mixture : six short stories of mediæval life strung together on a very slender thread of narrative. It marks no advance in his art technically ; it is less interesting and piquant than the *Little Novels of Italy* ; but many persons, we imagine, will find it easier reading than *Richard Yea and Nay*, although that work far excelled it in nervous force and lofty purpose. Whatever one may say about the artistic success of Richard's history, there is no question but that Mr. Hewlett set himself a great task, and endeavoured with all his might to carry it out. Here he has taken his obligations more lightly.

The stories are of the expected kind. Love is the motive of all save one, which tells, without much verisimilitude, of the abduction of a boy by the Jews. Two of the others turn upon those incredible exchanges of costume between youths and maidens which ought by this time to be ruled out of fiction by conscientious writers ; in one of them, "The Cast of the Apple," the same device (a commonplace, it is true) being employed to determine sex as that which the Widow used with the petticoated Huckleberry Finn—if Mr. Hewlett will excuse a comparison with aught so modern. The remaining three stories treat of the heroic chastity of a noble lady assailed by King Edward III. ; of the tragedy following upon the seduction by one brother of the beloved of another (vitiated to the reader by the glaring unlikeness—nay, impossibility—of Matteo having an illegitimate child without all Milan knowing not only of it, but of its father) ; and of an old hermit's desperate endeavour to conquer his desire for a young girl, and of the winning of a soul from the powers of evil. In this last story Mr. Hewlett's weakness is displayed : he can take his place with the best in a gay, romantic *conte* ; his tales of dashing youths and lovely maidens go with a superb lilt ; he has a gusto, a joy in his work which make him for a while a bracing companion ; but the history of a soul's progress to spiritual peace is outside his field. He can record it, but his heart is elsewhere ; we are not impressed.

After the stories themselves comes the question of setting. Mr. Hewlett, we are afraid, would have some difficulty in rebutting the charge of perfunctoriness in this matter. It is not enough in styling a book "New Canterbury Tales" to collect half-a-dozen stories from one's recent output, and allege that they were told on the Pilgrims' Way, in the fifteenth century, of a company of travellers. Chaucer, if we may be permitted to mention his name in this connexion, gave to his stories and their narrators a convincing unity. Mr. Hewlett apportions them with no inevitability. In fact, we get the impression that the whole Canterbury Tale machinery was an afterthought, and that it has bored Mr. Hewlett not a little. We never remember to have read anything by a capable literary man, master of literary artifice, so half-hearted and unpersuasive as these connecting passages.

The Giant's Gate : A Story of a Great Adventure. By Max Pemberton. (Cassell. 6s.)

IT must be admitted that this is an ambitious story ; more than that, it is worked out with a certain precision of execution which, in a detached way, we cannot but admire. To take Paris just after the *affaire Dreyfus* ; to invent a man called Davignon who has a good deal in common with a General whom we need not name ; to make Davignon a conspirator against the Republic which is to fall before his personality and give place to an absolute monarchy for the salvation of France—here, indeed, is ambition enough. But Anatole France, who had far more knowledge than

Mr. Pemberton, wrote of the *affaire* with reserve and without heroics. Now Mr. Pemberton is nothing without heroics ; this book is full of them. His characters are always in the limelight ; they are rhetorical even when they are making love ; they are rhetorical when they are explaining impossible inventions ; they are rhetorical when they die. They strut about a stage where the cheapest epigram suffices ; they overwhelm one in torrents of words. This, it must be said, is neither life nor any approach to life. If one were to believe in Mr. Pemberton's Paris and his conspirators, one would, indeed, have to believe in a nation of fools. It is because we believe nothing of the kind that we close *The Giant's Gate* with satisfaction—and a smile. Mr. Pemberton's crowd is a stage crowd ; but we admit that he is an admirable stage manager. There are scenes in this book which would make some audiences howl with delight.

Stephen Calinari. By Julian Sturgis. (Constable. 6s.)

MR. STURGIS is at some pains in this novel to display the cosmopolitanism of his culture. He delicately, carelessly, hints, or leaves you to understand, that he has walked round Life and Art as one might walk round the pond in Kensington Gardens. Oxford, London, Peru, the Shipka Pass, Aristotle's ethics, the modern newspaper, the great middle-class—the catalogue of his informations might be indefinitely extended. Yet he gives himself away completely in the first paragraph of *Stephen Calinari* as an *ingénue* of literature. Here is the first paragraph :

Grey and green is Oxford in summer,
A place of delicate vapours.
Low by the river she lies, centre of sloping hills,
And a light haze seems
To float about her towers and pinnacles.
A softened sunshine fills to the brim
The walled gardens of her ancient colleges.
Drowsy is all the air,
Like the afternoon of lotus-eaters.
The birds who babbled thick at dawn
In the close shrubberies,
Are silent in this slumberous afternoon.
Moisture and sun have made these shrubberies dense ;
They push beyond their boundaries out
On to the shaven lawns.
Somewhat monotonous the green may seem,
And the grey ;
But since the summer is young,
The verdure has innumerable shades,
And the grey walls
Have been touched by time and weather to many tones.

It is the sort of prose to send a young girl into raptures, and to make the reviewer smash up furniture like a Maldonado. It goes well in between descriptions of the following sorts :

There was not half a length of daylight between the boats. A rattle was sprung, a stroke quickened at the sound. But the gallant young stroke before them quickened even more, and for a moment it looked . . .

"Madame Cally," the world said in its terse, expressive language, "really did you thundering well . . ."

She had the face of an angel, of a fashionable angel. Could this be she who two short years ago had followed him about with artless admiration and an apron . . . ?

Her strong hands sought the keys as he went obediently to his seat. It was a setting of "The Erl-King" of Goethe. . . . The quality of her voice moved him to the heart. . . . Exquisite was the art which distinguished . . . up of life . . . unplumbed sea.

Add to these things a father dead and disgraced, who turns dramatically up about page 200, and you will perceive the materials of a thoroughly conventional fiction. Nevertheless, *Stephen Calinari* is not so bad after all. "The Coop family," into which the great Stephen marries, seems to have been genuinely observed.

5 October, 1901.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE RIGHT OF WAY.

BY GILBERT PARKER.

A "man-of-the-world" (we borrow the epithet), melodramatic story. Mr. Parker had announced that *The Lane That Had No Turning* should be his last work about French Canada. He has kept his promise, for this story was written before *The Lane*. The hero is one Charley Steele, known as "Beauty" Steele. He is a barrister, and wins his wife by his skill in securing a verdict of not guilty for a man justly accused of murder. After marriage his wife discovers that he is a drunkard; that he had been drunk when he rose to address the jury. This book is the story of Steele's struggle against his devil. (Heinemann. 6s.)

MOUSMÉ.

BY CLIVE HOLLAND.

Japanese! An old friend! It is the continuation of the history of the little lady who was first introduced to the public in *My Japanese Wife*. Mousmé and her husband leave Japan and come to London, where Mousmé pays visits to milliners and dressmakers, and rustles into English ways. When asked to sing, she replies: "I cannot make velly big noise when I sing, but Lou say if I wear velly smart, nice *kimono*, people will listen." (Pearson. 6s.)

THE MONOMANIAC.

BY EMILE ZOLA.

A translation by Mr. Edward Vizetelly of *La Bête Humaine*. The translator contributes a breathless preface. Here is a passage: "The story teems with incident from start to finish. Each chapter is a drama in itself. To name but a few of the exciting events that are dealt with: there is a murder in a railway carriage; an appalling railway accident; a desperate fight between driver and fireman on the foot-plate of a locomotive, which ends in both going over the side to be cut to pieces, while the long train of cattle-trucks under no control, crammed full of inebriated soldiers on their way to the war, who are yelling patriotic songs, dashes along, full steam, straight ahead, with a big fire just made up, onward; to stop, no one knows where." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

A LOSING GAME.

BY HUME NISBET.

A lurid story of Sydney in its infant days, with the subtitle of "An Australian Tragedy," packed with exciting incidents. "The hero of the following romance," says the author in the preface, "was a veritable personage, only ever so much worse than he is represented in these pages. Of aristocratic birth, he ran the gamut of crime without missing a single note. He was a monster with the instincts and conscience of a tiger, his will power all the more deadly by reason of his undoubted gifts and accomplishments." So the reader knows what to expect. (F. V. White. 6s.)

THE WORK OF HIS HANDS.

BY CHRIS. HEALY.

A first novel, and a perfervid one. On the second page Mr. Healy refers thus to Charles Reade: "That divine writer—may his soul rest in peace." The characters in *The Work of His Hands* are of the people, the period is 1871, the opening scene a workshop near the Clerkenwell-road, the hero a wood-carver "of genius," but unstable. He "passes through fire, but his good angel saves him," and he becomes very pleasantly rich. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE PURPLE CLOUD.

BY M. P. SHIEL.

Another of Mr. Shiel's wild imaginings, less coherent, if that were possible, than *The Lord of the Sea*. The Purple Cloud stretches over the cover, giving horrible fidgets to a gentleman in inky black clothes. On page 461 we read: "We will fly west to one of the Somersetshire coal mines,

or to one of the Cornwall tin mines, and we will barricade ourselves against the cloud, and provision ourselves for six months—for it is perfectly feasible, and we have plenty of time, and no crowds to kick down our barricades—and there in the deep earth we will live sweetly together, till the danger is overpast." (Chatto. 6s.)

SILVIA'S AMBITION.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

It was to be an actress, but the ambition is not fulfilled till the end of the book, and it is accompanied by troubles and explanations. The story is of the mild character, and will be pleasantly noticed by the religious press. In the beginning Tom Collis saves a woman with a baby from jumping off Blackfriars Bridge, and thereby wins a wife and a home, which was what honest Tom wanted. (Hodder. 6s.)

DON OR DEVIL.

BY WILLIAM WESTALL.

Let us bang these dogs of Seville,
Children of the devil,
For I never turned my back upon
Don or Devil yet.

This gives the title to a bustling romance of fighting and adventures by sea and land. The period is just after Waterloo, and Rufus, having been jilted by Miss Somerset, ships in the *Campanella*, a unit in the British legion, to fight the Spaniards in Venezuela in the "noble cause of liberty." (Pearson. 6s.)

THE BOURGEOIS.

BY H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.

A story, light in character, slight in treatment, showing an easy knowledge of the superficial side of Continental life. "The Bourgeois" is the title of a play, and this book is mainly concerned with the adventures of Peter Alabaster, an American, and a ripe philanderer. Strange happenings accompanied the production of "The Bourgeois"—the theatre was gutted, and the damage was estimated at 1,000,000 francs. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

MOOSWA.

BY W. A. FRASER.

Belongs to the *Jungle Book* class, and is well illustrated. In it animals are gifted with speech and power of reasoning. They choose a king, and in their councils Mooswa, a venerable elk, is a leader. The boundaries are those parts of North America near the River Saskatchewan, a favourite hunting-ground for trappers. In return for kindness shown to them by Rod, the young son of a trapper, they are enabled to save his life when at the point of death.

BARBARA WEST.

BY KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

Contains, among other matter, some light sketches of Bohemian journalism in the 'eighties, but the book, we are informed in an accompanying note, "is offered as a sound gospel of sex [whatever that may mean], and is the story of Barbara, lost by her ignorant disregard of Nature's just and kindly purpose." (Long. 6s.)

THE COURT OF HONOUR.

BY W. LE QUEUX.

The hero is one of a Continental gang of swindlers, and the heroine a young Russian lady of title. It begins: "This curious drama of cosmopolitan life, a drama of love, of hate, of avarice—indeed, of all the cardinal sins of man—was related to me by Frank Talbot, millionaire, the chief actor in it." (F. V. White. 6s.)

We have also received: *Ivy Cardew*, by Perrington Primm (Jarrold, 6s.); *For Love or Crown*, by A. W. Marchmont (Hutchinson, 6s.); *In the House of His Friends*, by R. H. Savage (White, 6s.); *An Ill Wind*, by Mrs. Lovett Cameron (Long, 6s.); *The Lords of Life*, by Bessie Dill (Long, 6s.); *Miss Pauncefort's Peril*, by Mrs. Charles Martin (Long, 6s.); *Romance of a Harem*, translated from the French by C. Forestier-Walker (Greening, 5s.).

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Mr. Kipling's Way.

Kim was published last Tuesday, and Mr. Kipling being a personage in the world of Letters, the volume was reviewed in troops of journals on that day. The opinions were bewilderingly conflicting, as was to be expected. For, in reviewing novels, few critics follow any canons of criticism. The reviewer should be judicial and impartial, keeping in mind certain masterpieces of fiction in construction, plot, and characterisation. But that, we fear, is a counsel of perfection. The reviewer usually succumbs to asking himself such questions as: Does this book appeal to me? Was I interested? Has the reading of it carried me away from myself and my environment? Does any part remain with me now I have finished it? This method is not the narrow way of art, but it is natural, and the questions are familiar in many mouths. It is hard to overset temperamental predilections. One reviewer of *Kim*, we notice, finds the Lama "a colossal bore," complains that the book is "without a vestige of love interest," and decides that, as Mr. Kipling lacks the faculty of construction, he can never make "a great novelist." For ourselves, we can very well do without the "love interest," we do not find the Lama a bore, and we do not resent Mr. Kipling's lack of the faculty of construction or his ungeometrical plot. Let there be no misunderstanding. Oftentimes in these pages we have enlarged upon the importance of the technics of the art of fiction; but technics, like creeds, are for the unillumined. A man may override routine rules, as the Boers overrode the art of war laid down by European sapience. It is a dangerous game to play, but victory excuses all. This we tried to explain in our review of *Captains Courageous*. Mr. Kipling may never make "a great novelist," because he is more interested in ideas, in the great interior movements that live and move in the deep-rooted instincts of man, than in the ordinary ways and moods of polite life. He is still untamed, unspoilt, and he has the courage to be himself. In *Kim* Simla is mentioned, but the petty details of Anglo-Indian Society life are ignored. There are no flirtations under the deodars, no rides, no boudoir prattlings, and the blessed word marriage is hardly mentioned. The plot wanders like a man on an uncharted walking tour. Clues are dropped, hints that are apparently full of pregnant meaning come to nothing, or to a fulfilment so episodic, so unvital to the development of the story, that they might just as well have been omitted. The prophecy in the early chapters of *Kim* of "a Red Bull on a green field" that was to influence Kim's career, gives an opportunity for introducing a graphic picture of military life, and two Kiplingesque characters—an Anglican and a Roman Catholic chaplain—but otherwise it serves no end. Mr. Kipling is always more interested in the incident he is working upon than in the relation of that incident to the story. His joy is always in the present moment. And when he has written himself dry on the incident of the moment he just drops it: not often, happily, with the contempt with which he made an end of *The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes*.

Yet *Kim* has coherence. It is a book not about a set, or a circle, or a particular grade of society, but about a nation.

The canvas is ablaze with the colours of India. Behind the brilliant, shifting scenes of that multitudinous life—detailed and broad in turn—that he is able at will to dig from his memory and present in living pictures, looms the background of things that are changeless while all around is changing. It is this consciousness of the Big Things Behind, in contrast with his quick, bright interest in the present, shown in a dozen of his best poems and stories—shown in this book, too—that constitutes Mr. Kipling's claim to greatness. When a writer has that, it is not necessary to judge him by the ordinary canons of the novelist's art.

We can imagine that when Mr. Kipling began to plan *Kim*, a huge, shadowy central Motive emerged from that brooding period of incubation which always precedes the writing of a book that is not to pass into forgetfulness with the season. He thought of that arresting fact, so strange to Western minds, of a whole nation accepting and proclaiming their religion in their daily lives. He thought of that impulse, described in *The Miracle of Puran Bhagat*, which compels a certain type of native mind, holy man and layman, to renounce the world and go forth shorn of all worldly possessions to seek that peace which the world cannot give them. And so the Lama of this story grew into life. With him it begins, with him it ends, and about him the incidents of the narrative circle. "The one remains, the many change and pass." This personification of the unchanging ideal of the Oriental's life dominates the pages—"an old man, wise and temperate, illuminating knowledge with brilliant insight." Tramping India in pursuit of his desire, everywhere he is received with the reverence that is always given to the holy man. Once only is he maltreated, but his assailants are two secret-service foreigners in the pay of the Russian Government. The object of his travels is to find the Buddhist River of Healing, bathing in which the pilgrim washes away all taint and speckle of sin, and escapes from the Wheel of Things. He is prepared to spend "years in his quest; having nothing of the white man's impatience, but a great faith."

"The books of my lamassery I read, and they were dried pith; and the later ritual with which we of the Reformed Law have cumbered ourselves—that, too, had no worth to these old eyes. Even the followers of the Excellent One are at feud on feud with one another. It is all illusion. Ay, *maya*, illusion. But I have another desire"—the seamed yellow face drew within three inches of the curator, and the long forefinger nail tapped on the table. "Your scholars, by these books, have followed the blessed feet in all their wanderings, but there are things which they have not sought out. I know nothing—nothing do I know—but I go to free myself from the Wheel of Things by a broad and open road."

It is this typical figure—the aspiration of a nation made incarnate—huge, shadowy, but defined—that looms as the big motive behind these brilliant kaleidoscopic pictures of Indian life. That, we take it, was Mr. Kipling's foundation and corner-stone in fashioning this story. Against this figure he flings gleefully the personification of the modern spirit—the imp Kim, with the cunning and resourcefulness of a street arab, combined with Irish wit and devilry. In these two Mr. Kipling depicts that friendship between man and man which can be a task better worth achieving than ringing the changes on that "love interest" which the critic of the *Daily Chronicle* misses. More; he shows the gradual domination of the young intellect, taking its colour from the day's experience, by the old head, bearing meekly the ancient knowledge. This may be prophecy:

"I am an old man [the Lama says to Kim], pleased with shows as are children. To those who follow the Way there is neither black nor white, Hind nor Bhotiyal. We be all souls seeking escape. No matter what thy wisdom learned among Sahibs, when we come to my River thou wilt be freed from all illusion—at my side. Hai! my bones ache for that River, as they ached in the *te-train*; but my spirit sits above my bones, waiting. The Search is sure."

The pull of the ancient wisdom, right or wrong, is too strong for Kim, and he drifts towards the mystical practices that have always held India. Even the British materialism of Lucknow railway-station cannot check him in the path along which he is being propelled, though very secretly. The East is slow-moving, as she is reticent.

A very few white people, but many Asiatics, can throw themselves into a mazement as it were by repeating their own names over and over again to themselves, letting the mind go free upon speculation as to what is called personal identity. When one grows older, the power, usually, departs, but while it lasts it may descend upon a man at any moment.

"Who is Kim—Kim—Kim?"

He squatted in a corner of the clangling waiting-room, rapt from all other thoughts; hands folded in lap, and pupils contracted to pin-points. In a minute—in another half second—he felt he would arrive at the solution of the tremendous puzzle; but here, as always happens, his mind dropped away from those heights with the rush of a wounded bird, and passing his hand before his eyes, he shook his head.

A long-haired Hindu *bairagi* (holy man), who had just bought a ticket, halted before him at that moment and stared intently.

"I also have lost it," he said sadly. "It is one of the Gates to the Way, but for me it has been shut many years."

"What is the talk?" said Kim, abashed.

"Thou wast wondering there in thy spirit what manner of thing thy soul might be. The seizure came of a sudden. I know. Who should know but I?"

The lavish mind that projected this book has given us much else. There is the varied life of India of to-day, touched deftly in with clean, clear-cut characterisation. Here again the shifting panorama is presented against a background that is permanent where all else is restless. This background is the Grand Trunk Road that runs straight "bearing without crowding India's traffic for fifteen hundred miles—such a river of life as nowhere else exists in the world." It haunts the imagination. As Kim, the imp, dances against the Lama's grey, inimitable personality, so the bright peripatetic life of India flashes against that passive, unchanging highway. The pictures sink into the memory :

A thin, high Kattiwar mare, with eyes and nostrils aflame, rocketted out of the jam, snorting and wincing as her rider bent her across the road in chase of a shouting man. He was tall and grey-bearded, sitting the almost mad beast as a piece of her, and scientifically lashing his victim between plunges.

They met a troop of long-haired, strong-scented Sansis with baskets of lizards and other unclean food on their backs, the lean dogs sniffing at their heels. These people kept their own side of the road, moving at a quick, furtive jog-trot, and all other castes gave them ample room; for the Sansi is deep pollution.

Then an Akali, a wild-eyed, wild-haired Sikh devotee in the blue-checked clothes of his faith, with polished-steel quoits glistening on the cone of his tall blue turban, stalked past.

A solid line of blue, rising and falling like the back of a caterpillar in haste, would swing up through the quivering dust and trot past to a chorus of quick cackling. That was a gang of *changs*—the women who have taken all the embankments of all the Northern railways under their charge—a flat-footed, big-bosomed, strong-limbed, blue-petticoated clan of earth-carriers, hurrying north on news of a job, and wasting no time by the road.

A little later a marriage procession would strike into the Grand Trunk with music and shoutings, and a smell of marigold and jasmine stronger even than the reek of the dust.

It was beautiful to behold the many-yoked grain and cotton waggons crawling over the country roads: one could hear their axles, complaining a mile away, coming nearer, till with shouts and yells and bad words they climbed up the steep incline and plunged on to the hard

main road, carter reviling carter. It was equally beautiful to watch the people, little clumps of red and blue and pink and white and saffron, turning aside to go to their own villages, dispersing and growing small by twos and threes across the level plain.

"And they are all bound upon the Wheel," said the Lama. "Bound from life after life. To none of these has the Way been shown." He shook himself back to this world.

Kim is hardly a novel. It is a kinematograph of a people, telling also what they feel—what they have felt through time, and the effect of that immemorial feeling on those of to-day. Kim, the protagonist of the restless, quick-witted, eager present, and the Lama, the protagonist of the passionless past, full of replies, full of wisdom, represent Mr. Kipling's two sides, and it is his way in prose and verse to fuse those two sides together.

Things Seen.

The Emigrant.

FOR perhaps the tenth time in half an hour the train drew up with a sudden jerk, and the American tourist who shared the carriage with me threw down his paper and cursed Irish railways with fluency and unction.

"And this is the country they make such a row about," he said, snapping down the window. "Heavens, what a people!" Outside the rain was falling pitilessly, and through it I caught a glimpse of a steep hillside split up by stone walls into tiny fields, dotted with sodden corn-stooks; and beyond the fields a black and sullen expanse of bogland. On the dripping platform the guard, magnificent in braided uniform, stood watch in hand; while a solitary porter in tattered corduroys lounged on a bench and smoked a clay pipe with philosophic calm.

The engine whistled impatiently; but just as the train began to move the door of our carriage was flung open, and an old man with a tin box under his arm climbed in panting. Even apart from the elaborate array of labels on his luggage, the battered top-hat and new suit of shiny broadcloth, that contrasted so oddly with his gnarled hands and face, seemed by wind and weather, proclaimed him an emigrant. He had been a herd on a mountain farm, he told us, but had grown too old for the work, and was now about to join his son, who had money, "somewhere in Chicago," he explained vaguely. "Magnificent city—Chicago!" said the American, and launched forthwith into a description of its glories, to which the other replied listlessly, staring with a set face out of the window.

Suddenly the shadow of a mountain loomed up in front, and the old man pointed eagerly: "Slemish!" he cried, with a new ring in his voice, "that's where I lived—up there beyond the ridge—a fine place!" As we whirled past it was only a bare hill, blurred by trailing wisps of mist, with a few sheep wandering over its stony pastures; and I saw the tourist's lip curl scornfully. But the old man's face was alive with an interest all the wonders of Chicago could not quicken; and he leant far out for a last look, the rain-drops glittering in his hair.

The Caller.

THE cab dropped me at the corner, and a church clock somewhere off the Fulham-road chimed the third quarter after one. "Good morning, sir," said the cabman, who drives me every night from Fleet-street. "Good night," I replied. That is our invariable joke. And then, as I started up the quiet street which contains my garden gate, I was arrested—not in the ordinary sense—by a policeman. He was clambering laboriously upon a railing which guarded the quiet side of the corner shop. I

wondered, and watched. Gaining his foothold, he felt carefully about the ledge above his head, and having found something, he tugged. It was surely a rope. "What are you doing?" I enquired, with a sudden hope of catching a constable on the wrong side of the law. He said nothing, but seemed, like Pope's spider, to live along the line he held in his hand. After a few moments' intense silence he relinquished the rope, returned to the pavement, and recognised me as a respectable ratepayer. "It's the baker," he explained. "He ties the rope to the corner of his blanket, and one of us calls him every morning. It pays him."

And as my baker rose to bake my morning roll, I wearily undressed in the hope of a night's rest which would give me an appetite to eat it.

The Irish Brogue.

THE strange vocabulary of the Scotch Lowlanders has long been a valuable literary asset; in Scott's footsteps petty men have trodden their way to fame and fortune. It has been remarked that Great Britain is being divided amongst the novelists, who carve out kingdoms for themselves, like the Saxons of the Heptarchy, and, acquiring power with time, need fear no trespasser. The lord of Wessex, as in Saxon days, is the strongest ruler; the Yorkshire Moors were held by a woman, whose fame grows, like a tree, in unmarked lapse of time; London is now mourning a kind master. Writers must illustrate the universal by the particular, and local colour, remote dialects, appeal also to the desire for novelty which is often the only strong passion of novel readers. Certain novels, written largely in broad Scotch, were received some years ago with so much enthusiasm that one could imagine the reading public to believe, like Mr. George Moore, that English was worn out as a means of literary expression. He has gone to his own, and his own, so far, have welcomed him not. Like nine-tenths of the Gaelic League, he has no Gaelic, and he scorns the English which his Irish fellow-countrymen speak. It is indeed strange that the gutturals of a Scotch farmer are held worthy of many phonographs, while the gentle Irish brogue always calls forth an English smile. Nobody seems to have studied the genesis and development of the English which Irishmen speak; the speech of the potato-patch is ignoble compared with that of the kail-yard. Of course, Ireland has bred no such man as Scott, that Leviathan, that Master of Ceremonies who has introduced two nations to one another. Unjust Fortune has cursed Irishmen with the fatal fluency of speech, which leaves them no time for writing or thinking, and wastes their energies on politics. Yet a study of the English spoken in Ireland is interesting and profitable to a student of English literature. The Irish accent is the result of arrested development. Everybody knows how Cromwell planted Munster with English colonists, how they thronged therein until, after the Restoration, the Bishops harried them as Nonconformists, and the English Government closed all markets against them, and how they faded out of the joyless land which they had made smiling and fertile. The native Irish learn readily, when they must, and never forget. The English garrison, Cromwell's veterans, when they were established and dominant, taught the Gaels English. Since that time the Irish have learnt no new fashions in English speaking. They pronounce it to-day as Cromwell and his troopers, as Milton, Dryden, and even Pope pronounced it. Slight changes were made, as must be when a people learns an alien tongue. Still we may say on the whole that the brogue at which the English smile is the accent which Ireland learnt from the Puritan settlers. Mr. Flavin and his fellows abuse the House of Commons in much the same tone as that which Cromwell once used to a more famous Parliament.

It is no new suggestion that Irishmen talk better English than the English. Dean Swift wrote to Pope expressing his regret at some slighting remark of the latter's concerning the Irish: "The English colonies, who are three parts in four, are much more civilised than many counties in England, and speak better English, and are much better bred." It will be remembered that the Dean was an Englishman, and would thank everyone to remember it. It is possible here to give only a few illustrations of the survival of old words and pronunciations in Ireland. The many-headed multitude who are "agin the Government" use the old preposition which they learnt before it was modernised into "against." The word survives, of course, in many rural districts of England, where there is little reading of books. Ireland keeps to the old fashions because the peasants are illiterate beyond English comprehension. The peculiarity of pronunciation which most strikes the tourist is the broad sound given to such words as "please, sea, beast, complete." Waller, Dryden, and Pope habitually pronounced them as "plaze, say, baste, compleat," as all students of seventeenth and eighteenth century poetry have noticed. Dryden, for example, wrote:

Neptune, yet doubtful whom he should obey,
Held to them both the trident of the sea.

Pope pronounced "tea" in the same manner as a Tipperary peasant does. One example, referring to "great Anna," is well known; here is another:

Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, the elemental tea.

So in Munster the country folk talk of the "lay," meaning "lea," that pretty word which Englishmen have abandoned to the poets. It was the influence of French that made our ancestors pronounce "complete" and "thème," and the influence still holds good over here. Listen to Pope again:

Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great,
There, stamped with arms, Newcastle shines complete.

English, with characteristic inconsistency, has kept the broad sound in "great." "Key," in Dryden, rhymes with "play," and why does modern English pronounce "quay" in the same way as "key"? Pope, who stood at the parting of the ways, was already inconsistent, and rhymes "appear" with "bier." In Milton editors have replaced, for "height," the proper spelling "highth," a noun formed regularly from the adjective, as "depth" from "deep." People find it ridiculous that the Irishman, faithful to his teachers, speaks of "the hoith of good company." So we have forgotten Shakespeare's pronunciation of "character," but the Irish servant still talks of getting a good "charácter."

It seems as if Englishmen have quite lately rid themselves of the aspirate in words that begin with "wh," such as "which," "what." Dickens drew attention to its absence in the Cockney speech of his day by means of the spelling "wot," "vich," and it may have been strange in the ears of men of his time. The Scotch, as well as the Irish, have been true in this matter. Innovations make their way, even now, more slowly in Ireland. During the last century the Scotch diminutive "donkey" has won its way all over England, but here the ass generally keeps his ancient name. Schoolboys "cog," as they did in Shakespeare's time, when they have not learnt their work, but English boys "crib." By the same token, as Dean Swift used to say, all classes speak of a pack of cards as a "deck," just as Pope and he used to speak of them. The peasantry believe as strongly as ever in a personal devil, and he lends his name to many landscapes; appeals to him are on every tongue, but they call him "the Devil." That is the unvarying spelling of the word in the Elizabethan dramas, and it is hard to see why the spelling and pronunciation were changed. The force of association is such that one can hardly imagine stern Oliver and his saints speaking of their arch-enemy, the "Devil."

Oliver himself must have pronounced his surname as "Crumble," or why should the old, old curse be "the curse of Crumble"? The expletive "sure," which now indicates all that there is most Irish, was very common in Elizabethan times, and ever on the lips of the best society at Queen Anne's Court. It runs riot in the pages of Congreve and Wycherley. Dr. Johnson did not fear to employ it in that most touching poem, Levett's epitaph :

His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure the Eternal Master found
His single talent well employed.

The Conventional-Sentimental.

A WEEKLY contemporary which devotes itself largely to literature remarked the other day : "It is not our business to criticise [popular] novels." Nevertheless, popular novels must be and ought to be criticised. It is useless by ignoring them to pretend that they do not exist. They are a sign of the times, and since the period of Scudéry they have always been a sign of the times. Two works of fiction now before us—*A Jilt's Journal*, by "Rita" (Unwin); and *Love Idylls*, by Mr. S. R. Crockett (Murray)—are thoroughly "popular"—the production of respectable and dignified "hands" well-practised in the craft of distorting life prettily. In regard to "Rita's" book, one knows, of course, that despite the title the jilt is not a jilt—not a real jilt—but a charming girl. A real jilt would be antipathetic to the reader, and "Rita's" heroines are never antipathetic. This self-styled jilt—her name was Paula: a name common of late years among women who feel the need to be "understood"—commenced her journal at the age of seventeen, upon leaving school.

It was a momentous occasion, and we felt its gravity. One phase of life had closed for us. We could never again be three schoolgirls interested only in the rivalries and duties of fully-occupied days. We were to stretch our clipped wings at last and soar to the world beyond our safely-sheltered nest.

The sentiment and the style are perfectly true—to fiction. In fiction a girl of seventeen would naturally write like that, in those pretty, if fatigued, phrases. Going home by train to her uncle-guardian, Paula read a novel by Ouida. "I closed the book, and, looking straight before me, met the eyes of a fellow-passenger." The fellow-passenger was the son of a yeoman farmer ("plain Adam Herivale"), much beneath Paula in station, but everyone knows instantly and instinctively that she will marry him in the end. She is bound to marry him; just as she was bound to meet him in the train, and just as he was bound to be a very superior yeoman. She met him again in a ruined castle, and he then said :

"I mean—I just love it all, ruin or no ruin. These stones have a history for me. I know the names of ward and keep and tower as well as I know the look of the skies above them."

That is precisely how farmers express themselves when they have been "born and bred under shadow" of an old castle. Paula asked Adam what he did with himself between seasons. "One thinks—and dreams," he said. Exactly.

Paula's uncle-guardian was an archaeologist and a professor. Therefore he ate his meals absent-mindedly. His domicile was conducted by a sour-faced housekeeper named Graddage. Because she was sour-faced her name was Graddage. On Paula's retirement from school Graddage introduced a niece of hers into the house to act as maid to the young lady, and the young lady spoke thus to the niece :

"Come and sit down here, and let us have a talk. We're both young, and though I'm mistress and you are maid, youth stands for much."

"Youth stands for much," said the philosopher of seventeen. Later, in the skating season, the beautiful and vicious Lady Brancepeth tried to make mischief between Paula and plain Adam. Lady Brancepeth used words like *parti*, *adieu*, and *nil*, and, having done her worst,

she skinned off, graceful as a swallow, her airy laugh ringing on the air, where it seemed the sting of her echoing words still lingered.

In two years the whole jilting business is over, and the philosopher, now aged nineteen, thus crystallises her acquired wisdom :

"I have seen two worlds, Adam—the world of the country, and the world of the town. I know which is best, I think."

Mr. Crockett's book is less homogeneous. It consists of several short stories, some of them (the best) done several years ago, some romantic, and some unromantic. Yet we think we can give the spirit of the volume in a single extract :

The Count paused awhile in the leafy shadow of the porch, for it was pleasant there out of the heat. Suddenly there came a soft rustle as of wings or summer draperies, a patter down the stairs, a rush out of a door, and a clear voice exclaiming, "Why don't you answer, silly old curmudgeon of a father? Do you really think I cannot see you hiding there in the porch?"

Two arms were thrown impulsively about the Count's neck, and then turning he found himself closely face to face with the dismayed, terrified eyes of the fairest maid it had ever been his lot to behold. The girl stood before him crimsoning from brow to bosom. Her hands had fallen from his shoulders to her sides, and had again been half-way lifted to her eyes as if to cover her face from the shame. She took her breath short, panting like a captured bird that fears mishandling. The Count St. Polten was equally surprised. His heart certainly jolted within him in a manner strange and unwonted. And when he awoke to himself, lo! he had his dirty campaigner's cap in his hand, and was bowing over the girl's hand as though she had been the Empress-Queen herself.

But suddenly, with a startled recognition of tardy dutifulness, the girl knelt before him and set his hand to her lips, kissing the signet of the Count's ring as her father had done.

"The Count!" she murmured. "I have been rude to the Count, my father's gracious lord!"

The Count St. Polten and the plebeian Gertrud ("a rose-bud of twenty-one") thus behaved to each other exactly as Counts and village maids always have and always must behave to each other in popular romances. Mr. Crockett is, of course, well aware that in real life, mediæval or modern, neither Count nor maid would have done as he says they did. He knows he is writing the sweetly untrue. "Rita" knows she is writing the sweetly untrue. Every reader knows that both concoctions are a beauteous fraud, an iridescent lie, an elaborate and deliberate swindle. Maids never did embrace Counts under porches in mistake for their fathers. Maids never did meet their fated young men in the train going home from school. The chances are that wicked women are not beautiful and that they skate badly. The chances are that farmers do nothing but farm, that archeologists take a keen interest in their meals, and that sour-faced housekeepers are named Smith, Pratt, Cholmondeley. Certainly no sour-faced housekeeper was ever yet named Graddage. Such poetical appositeness could only happen in Dickens or in Paradise. All popular fiction is, more or less, the result of a desire for paradise. "Oh! to be wafted away from this black Acedama of dailiness," exclaims the average novel-reader; and the popular novelist replies: "I will waft you." The fact is, life isn't good enough for the average novel-reader. He thinks "Rita" and Mr. Crockett have improved on it. Life is bread and he wants toffee, and the more toffee he gets the more he will have.

In Memoriam H. C. M. W.

AUGUST 8, 1901.

THE wind blows sweet through the valley,
A strong wind, pleasant and free;
It blows with a rumour of travel
To the moorland up from the sea.

The miles and the desolate distance
It shatters them all at will,
While we wait here for a message
From a voice for ever still.

O wind from the great new countries,
What know you of pain and loss?
We are weeping for him in England
Who died 'neath the Southern Cross.

ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 106 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best description of the pictures in a private room. The essays sent in number more than forty, but sentimentality is the fault of too many. We like feeling, but this should be natural and inevitable. We are glad, however, that two of our competitors show a sense of humour. Between these: Mr. George Cruickshank, 36, Torphichen-street, Edinburgh, and Mr. U. L. Napier, 4, Belsize-avenue, Hampstead, N.W., we have decided to divide the prize. A cheque for a half guinea has been sent to each.

As I entered the room, my eyes involuntarily scanned the walls. "Real oil paintings!" said my host proudly. They were; and as smooth and oily as furniture-shop pictures (!) usually are. Not that I mean to insinuate that my friend had bought them along with his furniture—on the contrary, he soon began to inform me where and for how much he had picked them up; pointing with pride to the foreign signatures on the corners as evidence of value. "I can't abide copies," he said. "I want pictures on my walls as no one else can never have the same as." I said it was a worthy ambition, and made a dive in the direction of a small sketch in silvery tones half-hidden in a corner, which my trained eye had caught sight of. "Oh, that!" he went on. "Now, that is a thing which I wouldn't have hanging on my wall nohow, only, you see" (lowering his voice) "the artist is a friend of the missus, who is Scotch, you know. And this is by one of them Glasgow chaps as paints the rough, unfinished kind of pictures. For myself" (waving his hand towards the walls with an air of conscious culture), "I like them refined and—ahem!—smooth!"

As Turner used to say, "Rum thing art, ain't it?"
George Cruickshank.

It is three years and more since I looked on my walls—once the dear shrine of a dominant passion. Pale terra-cotta wall-paper, the pictures kept strictly to the "line"—forming, in fact, a sort of shrunk dado round the room—these things show how I worshipped Hammerton. Much of my art passion, however, must have been blatant sentimentality. Witness five girls' profiles; sweet, simpering things, posed against rose-bushes and what not, myrtle-green frames—all the "Fee-fo-fum" of the dealer in popular prints.

How my soul revelled, too, in symbolism. But, to look on that water-colour of "Life and Death Fighting over the Sick Man" gave me thoughts unutterable. And 'tis a grim contest i' faith. Skeleton Death, clad in bistre garment, pours from his horrid maw shere hell-fire. He is rushing upon his adversary, a fiery dart high poised above his head ready to fall. But the tall man in the whirling red robe has him tight clutched by the sword-arm. The flames may lick his naked breast and curl through his very hair. He recks not. Neither dart, nor brimstone, nor ghastly, gnashing jaws, nor all the frightful powers of darkness can budge that noble Salamander!

A picture of another sort hung where that patch of darker terra-cotta half hides behind the head of Napoleon. No less than a Sam Bough, the scene, "Glen Carron, Ross-shire." "This little gem," said the catalogue, "is the work of the painter's best period." I had a cheque from the auctioneer, "proceeds of sale, less cost of new gilt frame and our commission."

An elder brother grew rampant at the loss of such an heirloom. Heirloom or no, I needed cash to lay ghosts withal. And, besides, Art no longer hath dominion over me as it was wont.

Let me to my book again!

U. L. Napier.

Two other replies are as follows:—

It was a large, well-furnished room. Broad bay-windows opened to the east, giving a view of the noisy, busy city below, of the tangled shipping in the harbour, the wide bay, and the high hills beyond. The general disorder, the Bohemian lack of arrangement among the tables and chairs, marked it as a bachelor's living-room; and the number of canvases and sketches hung about the apartment marked its owner as a generous patron and a keen critic. Some of these were framed, and well placed for light and wall space; others were tacked carelessly upon a panel, or stood singly or in groups upon the ledge of the high redwood wainscoting.

There, in the place of honour at the end of the room, was a large canvas by William Keith—an evening scene. The sun's rays have just left the harvest field and the great gnarled oaks which grew by the meadow brook, yet they still burnish the clouds above. The hay-gatherers are piling high the last wain of the day, and over the field of their labours, with the coming of the night, settles a quiet peace—a spirit of rest. On the right hangs the portrait of a tall, slender young lady—a figure of charming girlish grace. On the left is a woodland path in Fontainebleau, by Diaz. The late afternoon sun breaks through the forest foliage, and flecks the path and tree-trunks with sunlight. In the foreground two French peasants are gathering wood. Here below it on the panel-ledge stands an unframed sketch of an Algerian rug-market—a water-colour—glittering in the brilliancy of its tropical sunlight and its bright Oriental colours; and close by, in sharp contrast, a dark, threatening sky above an angry dashing surf. On the side wall appears a dark-eyed Neapolitan street-singer, and there beside her a clumsy Dutch windmill perched upon its pedestal of stone.

But all these were mere sketches as compared with the *chef-d'œuvre* of his little collection, which stood upon the easel near the door. Here was his famous picture, Hoffman's "Christ upon the Mount of Olives." Before it one simply stood and gazed. That kneeling figure, with clasped hands, that face upturned towards the light, held one as by a spell. One could now understand why the child had stood before this picture and wept. To look upon it was to pray, and before it all the other pictures and the room itself seemed to fade away and disappear.

[H. S. S., London.]

"What do you think of that picture?" asked my friend, during a lull in our talk of books and life. "It is called 'Love and Death,' and I often notice in the evenings, when twilight steals into the room, how the dark figure of Death slowly fades out of sight, and the white form of Love remains alone. There is an idea for a sonnet," he added. My gaze drifted away, however, to the red-chalk drawing, a copy of "Rossetti, by himself, at 18," and there rested for awhile, captivated by that sensitive young face. It was the face of a thoughtful lover of beauty—a face not yet marred by pain, but with an elusive, inexplicable look, as of foreshadowings of griefs to come.

"And my ceiling-picture," said my friend. "I do not think you have noticed it." I looked up, and saw dark clouds and blue sky, and out of the clouds rose a beautiful winged form, with outstretched hands. The eyes I could not understand. "She seems to be blind," I said. "What does the picture signify?" My friend rose, and, taking from his shelves the little volume of "Sonnets of this Century," he read me Robertson's "The Lost Ideal of the World"—"Blind, and in all the loneliness of wings!" I lay back, looking up at the picture, as he read, thinking great thoughts, dreaming great dreams that the poet who wrote and the artist who painted had also known.

[F. N., Edinburgh.]

Competition No. 107 (New Series).

WE publish this week a special supplement, containing publishers' announcements for the autumn season. From the lists therein printed we ask our readers to pick out what, in their opinion, promise to be:

- (a) The two most interesting biographies.
- (b) The two most interesting works of history.
- (c) The two most interesting works of travel.
- (d) The two most interesting religious works.
- (e) The two most interesting novels.
- (f) The two most interesting books for children.

To the competitor whose selection most nearly resembles that produced by a collation of all replies received a cheque for a guinea will be sent.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, October 9. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the third page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

* * * Owing to pressure on our space correspondence is held over.

Announcements.

THE following lists have been crowded out of our Special Announcement Supplement :

Messrs. Burns & Oates.

The Madonna : A Pictorial Record of the Life and Death of the Mother of Our Lord Jesus Christ, by the Painters and Sculptors of Christendom, Reproduced from more than 500 of their Works. The Text Translated from the Italian of Adolfo Venturi, with an Introduction by Alice Meynell	31/6
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Newman (Cardinal), Callista : a Sketch of the Third Century	4/0
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FICTION.

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